

THE
Red and White



RUTLAND HIGH SCHOOL

RUTLAND, VERMONT

Rutland Soda Spa

15 CENTER STREET

The Sweetest Spot in Town

The very place to stop and have

A Soda A Sundae A Sandwich

DON'T FORGET OUR

CANDY

TO THE STUDENT

"It's the little things that count."

A few pennies saved each week grow into great big dollars before you know it—if deposited in a safe bank.

You boys and girls don't know how easy it is to get into the saving habit. Neither do you know what a fine thing it is to feel that your savings are earning money for you at $4\frac{1}{2}\%$ right straight along.

Why not open an account with us?

THE MARBLE SAVINGS BANK

RUTLAND, VERMONT

The Rutland County National Bank

A Student's Bank

A Family Bank

A Business Men's Bank

SAFE DEPOSIT BOXES FOR RENT

ROBERT D. SMITH
Cashier

Rutland Savings Bank

INCORPORATED 1850

The wise men of all times have advocated saving and thrift and we have endeavored to make it easy for you by installing the Automatic Receiving Teller for your convenience hoping thereby to establish the good habit of systematic saving which is a start on the road to wealth.

HENRY O. CARPENTER, President

CHAS. A. SIMPSON, Treasurer

Compliments of

CHARLES E. NOVAK

Attorney-at-Law

F. H. BURNHAM *Insurance*

Rutland County Bank Building

THE SURPRISE

DEPARTMENT STORE CO.

*The Store of
Progress, Fashion and Economy*

18-20 Merchants Row

Compliments

BEAUCHAMP & O'ROURKE

Graduate Pharmacists

2 MERCHANTS ROW

RUTLAND - - - VERMONT

Spring Neckwear

Silk and Wool, Fiber knits in a variety of likable patterns, and you'll be satisfied with the amount of service they'll give.

TROY SHIRT STORE

Harold G. McCotter

140 West Street

"The Little Shop Around The Corner"

E. G. McCLALLEN & CO.

PRESCRIPTION DRUG STORE

*Belle Meade Sweets
and Durant's Candy*

RUTLAND, VERMONT

Insurance Policy

A Life Policy might be used to good advantage in securing a college education.

ASK US HOW

**THE STEPHEN C. DORSEY
AGENCY, INC.**

Mead Bldg., RUTLAND, VT.

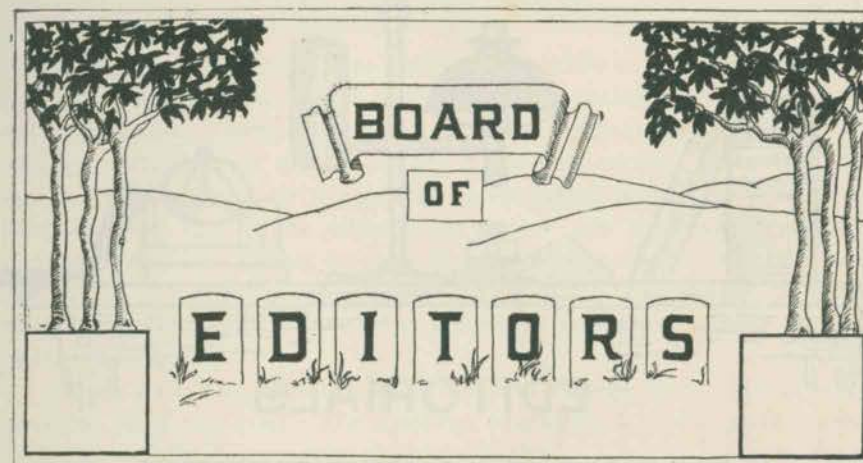
"Honestly, It's The Best Policy"

Compliments of

WING & MORSE

Lawyers

Rutland - - - Vermont



Vol. 3

March, 1924

No. 2

EDITED BY THE STUDENTS OF THE RUTLAND HIGH SCHOOL

<i>Editor-in-Chief</i>	Milford Smith, '24
<i>Business Managers</i>	Robert Levins, '25, Gordon Smith, '25
<i>Literary Editor</i>	Ruth McGillivray, '24
<i>Joke Editor</i>	Florence Lockerby, '24
<i>Athletic Editor</i>	Charles Beale, '25
<i>Exchange Editor</i>	William Pond, '24
<i>Alumni Editor</i>	Mabel Stearns, '24
<i>News Editor</i>	Robert McGillivray, '26
<i>Consulting Editor</i>	Miss Elizabeth Bowen
<i>Reporters:</i> Henry Wilson, '25, Caroline Dye, '26, Harold Beane, '25, Temple Russell, '24, Grace Gill, '25, Stetson Edmunds, '25, Carolyn Allen, '26, Janet Fiske, '27, Genevieve Caron, '25.	

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Editorials	4
Literary	7
News	19
Exchanges	22
Alumni Notes	24
Athletics	26
Jokes	31



EDITORIALS

THE VALUE OF A COLLEGE EDUCATION

These questions are often asked: Is a college education of value to the average high school student? Is it of enough benefit to the average student to devote to it four valuable years? It is a question confronting the high school boy or girl with ever increasing force. Shall he or shall he not continue his education into higher realms of learning?

First there enters our minds the question of cost. Where is the money coming from? In this day of self-supported education we firmly believe it is possible for anyone anxious to get this education to work his way through college. Positions of many kinds are offered to help the willing scholar to pay his own way. Innumerable scholarships are offered to the promising worker. And what is more, one does not have to be a prodigy to earn one. No matter how poor one may be, a way can always be found to provide for the expenses of his college years. This is attested to by many of our most prominent college men who have been educated through self-help.

Of course it is taken for granted that a person with a profession in view must take a college course. But is it needful or beneficial for the coming business man or the future home-maker to do so?

The value of a college education is not alone the actual dollar-and-cent value of its knowledge, but its infinitely more valuable associations and ideals. There is something in the college spirit and viewpoint that gives one a higher estimation of the value of life and its beauties. One learns to appreciate the wondrous scheme of things by which this old globe is compounded. He sees beauty and interest in things which are to others drab and sordid. A college education awakens a feeling for those things of refinement and culture on which our civilization is based. It puts one at ease in the discussion of art, science, music,

literature, the things which are really worth while. The older one gets the more value does he realize from his college training.

It is indeed a duty rather than a privilege for the student to enter college. Although he may be as big a financial success without it, he can never be quite as fit for service as his fellow who entered college. You who are the future citizens—or rather are the citizens of the United States—are failing in your duty to your nation not to take advantage of this opportunity. Nothing is of more value to the country than college-educated citizens; for a country can advance only as far as its citizens.

Hitch your wagon to a star. Pick your college early. Keep your ambition alive and vital. For a college education is within your reach. Will you or will you not take the opportunity?

CO-OPERATION

The other day I heard some fellows talking, one of whom said, "Aw, the trouble with this class is that it's controlled by about six people; the others don't have a show!" I wonder if fellows like these ever really stop to consider this question. I don't believe they do, or they couldn't and wouldn't express their ideas in that way.

Of course there are five or six in the class who do all the work, if that is what they mean; that is why they are in responsible positions. It is queer, but did you ever notice that the ones who do the most knocking do the least work themselves, never go to the class meetings or attend the games? They leave it to others and then find fault. Why don't some of these complainers pitch in and do a little something themselves?

There are five or six who have been chosen for the very purpose of running this class, but they don't make all the decisions, don't do just as they wish, as the knockers ought to know. These officials are *elected* by the students themselves. What do they elect their officers for if not to run the class? A class is just like the democratic government of a city. The citizens elect a mayor; the students, corresponding to the citizens, elect a president, even using the same method, the ballot. Then our vice-president, secretary, treasurer, and other officers, are the same as the different public officials who have charge of the various works. We have to have officers or nothing would be accomplished.

It is one thing to find fault with executive activities, but quite another to feel hurt because we have to have executive officers. Why can't we all pull together and give the ones we have appointed the support that they deserve? If we have any suggestions to make, let's make them to our officers. They will appreciate it. Let's not be knockers but boosters.

(Signed) A Private in the Ranks.

HOCKEY

The game of hockey is one of the most popular of winter sports everywhere. Almost all of the colleges have teams, and many high and "prep" schools have them too. Hockey is a very exciting game to watch. It is a grand sight to see two evenly matched teams gliding to and fro on the gleaming ice, in a closely contested battle, their glittering skates seeming to dance in the bright sunlight. Hockey is a scientific game. It develops individual as well as team work. In Canada hockey is the winter sport. Everyone plays. In fact wherever the game is played, the interest is as keen, if not keener, than that in football and basketball here in Rutland.

There is no reason why we cannot have a hockey team. Here we are right in the midst of fine skating every year, and no team. You say there isn't any material. Count the number of high school fellows at the Fairgrounds Rink every afternoon. They would make a good squad in themselves.

Undoubtedly it could be arranged with the city for the High School to have the use of the rink at the Fairgrounds, once or twice a week, during a slack time. Dunklee's Pond, on North Main Street, would make a wonderful place, and here the players would not interfere with other skaters as they would at the rink. Patch's Pond and Eddy's Pond are two magnificent places to play hockey. Why, we have all the places one could wish for on which to play.

You argue that there would be no opponents. Other schools around, seeing our hockey team, and hearing about the good times connected with it, would organize teams also. Somebody has to do everything for the first time. Let's be the leaders in the field!

We hope that something will come of this suggestion, and that the students and the people of Rutland will co-operate in getting things started, and in introducing here the great game of hockey.

Sergeant to colored sentry: "If anything moves, you shoot."

Sentry: "Yas, suh, an' if anything shoots, ah moves."

Father (at top of stairs): "What are you two doing down there?"

Daughter: "We're going to play 'Sweet Kisses' on the victrola."

Father: "Would you just as soon play it on the davenport? I'm afraid two would be pretty heavy for the victrola."

LITERARY

WHEN MARTY'S DREAM CAME TRUE

Martina Kently, no doubt about it, was talented in designing. At graduation she designed all her own clothes, and some of the other girls' dresses besides. Everyone in Salville afterwards remarked that there were no dresses quite so pretty as the ones Marty had "drawn pictures for."

Of course there was no chance for Martina in Salville, if she was to be a famous designer. At the death of her father, all hopes of attending a designing school were shattered. Her father's insurance just barely covered the expense of the funeral, and there was nothing for Marty to do but go to work.

Marty could get no work in Salville. It was a small place and most of the vacant places were saved for "nieces" and "nephews" who had graduated in the same class with Martina.

She thought of the city, but mother Kently wasn't any too strong and felt the city air would "go bad for her." But at last realizing that either Marty must go alone, or they would be penniless, she consented. She was extremely fond of Martina, and could not bear the thought of separation. Everyone loved Martina, so no wonder her own mother did.

Once in the city, they rented a cheap little four-room flat, and after settling as best they could under the circumstances, Marty again went on her "job hunting expedition," as she laughingly called it.

She soon found work at Farmor's. She was to be errand girl and match samples. Marty described the establishment to her mother as a "place where they made wonderful dresses called gowns, and a footman in grey opened the door."

Martina was contented with her work; at least she seemed to be, but only she herself knew the secret plans and dreams that seemed so far away. Like lots of people in the world she found consolation in the thought that "some day her ship would come in." But that "some day" did seem so far away.

Mother Kently did not seem to improve any either, and Marty was not slow to realize that the only cure was the fresh country air; but that would mean extra carfare and she simply could not afford that. Why, it took every single cent she earned. "Why doesn't something

happen?" was her thought day and night. But the something happened in an unexpected way.

It was one day late in the afternoon, after she had finished matching samples for a fussy old woman who kept grumbling, that the unexpected really happened.

The designer, whether by accident or not, had left the door of the designing room open, and Pearl, the other sample girl, was picking up the scraps of cloth that were on the floor.

Over in the corner on a table was a heap of rosy satin. Marty knew she shouldn't do it, but she tiptoed in and put her hands through the folds. It was like dipping your hands in a sunset. The satin shimmered around her, and a great length fell to the floor. Pearl was standing on a model stand and she couldn't resist. Picking up the satin and seizing a piece of filmy drapery, she draped it around Pearl's shoulders, and let it slip down at a great length to the floor.

The change in the appearance of the girl was simply marvelous. From a dingy sample girl in a faded dress, she became a lovely woman.

"Oh! Pearl," Marty cried in rapture, "you look like a beautiful rosy rose."

"Oh! Marty, you mustn't, you mustn't," she kept whispering.

Then Madame came. Her eyes snapped like bits of shining coal.

"Hold that!" she cried shrilly, "don't either of you dare to move."

They didn't. Both were too scared to do anything but wait silently as they were told. Marty's arms ached from holding up the cloth. Would Madame never come back? At last she did and with her was the head designer, Monsieur Labeau.

"Exquis! Charmant!" he cried.

Here and there he put a pin. Here and there a quick stitch. That was all. Pearl began to cry, and Marty knew by the fire in Madame's eyes what was coming. Yes, she would surely be asked to resign. But no, would wonders never cease? Madame was talking to her and was not asking for her notice. What was she saying? Surely she was dreaming. Those words weren't meant for her. But yes, they must be. She was the only one there. Pearl was in the sample room vainly trying to stifle her sobs. No, she wasn't dreaming, and it was Madame's voice that was saying:

"You did that," she said, pointing to the shimmering satin, which through her tears looked like a rosy blur to Martina. "Against my orders you came into this designing room; you made a beautiful gown from a few folds of satin. Tomorrow you may report to Monsieur Labeau as assistant designer. If you make good, your salary shall be five times your present salary."

She felt faint. Could such good fortune be hers? Surely this was more than any of her wildest dreams had fancied. To be assistant designer at Farmor's was unbelievable. Yet that was what Madame had said. That meant the little home in the country, and the little mother getting well again, and Martina's great ambition realized.

Did she make good, you ask? Well, two years later Madame pointed with pride to her head designer, Mademoiselle Martina Kently.

R. M. G. '24.

A VALENTINE'S POINT OF VIEW

When one mentions the word valentine, the mind of the hearer usually conjures up a picture of a lacy, cupid-covered affair, bearing a tutti-frutti sentiment. I am not that sort of valentine. Indeed, my creator seems to have had a personal grudge against me, in making the ugly duckling, not to say black sheep of a beautiful decorous family.

In the first place, my form is that of a dumbbell, that instrument of physical torture. The verse which I bear is one, equally striking. "You dumb bell, don't you know I want you for my valentine?" In short, instead of being a token of affection, I am a reflection on the character of my maker.

At present I am reposing on the counter of Ye-Book-Shoppe amid a colorful throng of relatives. I have lately disproved the ancient theory that relatives are boring. Their varying moods interest me greatly and as it is not likely that I will ever be bought, I have time to regard them at my leisure.

There is, for example, Cousin Rose, who is all that her name implies. She has the shape of a rose, color of a rose, heart of a rose—rather wormeaten—and feeling of a rose, that is to say none at all. The only thing she lacks is fragrance. I am surprised that she still remains with us, but doubtless her turn will be next, for she is the last of a family of twenty. Ah! here comes her fate now. It is that old-maidish-looking mortal, who has been simpering at the clerk for half an hour. No doubt she'll send Rose to him. Judging from his face, the gift won't be very well received.

On my left reclines Jack, a rogue to be sure. He's supposed to represent the Knave of Hearts, and does it to perfection. His disposition could be improved. Still I suppose he's only trying to live up to his reputation. It's what's expected of the rascal. He'll probably be sent to some wanderer from the straight and narrow. There, I was right again. A rather sweet girl has purchased him. Her steady must be neglecting her.

Well, I just received a shock. Someone nearly purchased little me. A hand strayed my way, but stopped on the downward path. Perhaps my paper weight seems deceitful. The person doesn't appear the exercising kind.

Another member of the family has left us. This time it's merely one of our Heart aunts. She did have a sugary disposition. I suppose the boy's going to give her to that cute little girl who just pointed her out to him.

Mercy, how popular I'm getting all of a sudden. That little girl with the horn-rimmed glasses actually picked me up. Pshaw! I know why. She's cross-eyed, and thought she was getting Lucy, one of our real old-fashioned girls. Lucy is the dainty, soulful kind, who make lovely wives for devils like Jack. Her doom is sealed. The person who gets her will be lucky. I'll bet it's for mother.

There's an eagle-eyed young man regarding me closely. He looks rather cynical. The lure of my beauty, however, doesn't seem to hold him, but perhaps he can't see it. Beauty is only skin deep, they say. How can they pass me by? But they all do.

The family is becoming sadly diminished. It's rather lonesome here, but I still have hopes. Maybe another old maid will be attracted by my charm. It's leap year, anyway, and my motto would surely be a good hint.

There are two new arrivals at this counter. Their names are Mike and Pete, as one can tell from their conversation.

"Hey, Mike, here's a beaut. See dis heart here, wid arrers an everythin'. It's the berries. Say, bo, why doncha buy it fer Maggie? She'd fall for it."

"Aw, Pete, d'ya think so? Here's anudder one. Whadda ya say to dis, boy? Ain't it a bird? Smaacks an' all the fixin's. She'd like dat, all de janes do."

"Naw, she wouldn't. Where dy'a get dat stuff? Looka here, kid," grabbing me, "Ya dumbell, looka here. Just what you was lookin' fer. You was callin' Mag a dumbell, doncha 'member? Dis'll keep 'er quiet. Buy it, quick. It's only a dime. Dis one's got 'em all beat."

An end to all my lofty aspirations. What a comeuppance! Well it's all in a lifetime. I only hope Maggie won't take it out on me.

R. McG. '24.

NIGHT LIFE ON A CHINESE FARM

Perhaps the most interesting class of Chinese are the peasants who live on their so-called farms. The story of such a farmer is told by a doctor visiting there who was watching for all the characteristics of this people. The doctor said that he and his friend left a small city about five o'clock in the afternoon to go as far as possible before dark. As it was growing dusk they reached a small adobe hut with a thatched roof. There were no windows and only one door in this house of one room 32 by 18 feet in size. The men stopped here and asked for food and rest till morning. The owner of the house finally consented.

In the preparation for the night the man first got the donkey, then the chickens, then the geese, then two pigs, then his sixteen children and four wives, and brought them inside the 32-by-18-foot hut. Then the doctor and his friend were escorted in and from the doctor's account the house was nearly full. In addition to these crowded conditions the door was immediately shut and barred and all the cracks were stuffed full of paper. These precautions were taken, together with bringing in the rest of the farm life, against brigands and burglars. The supper was then prepared, the smoke coming into the tightly closed room and making it very disagreeable for the guest, an American.

Our doctor declined supper and later was shown his bed, which by chance was the only furniture in the room. It was the coffin of a grandmother, already dead for a number of years. The guest then made up his bed with his own blankets as those of the natives were usually inhabited, he said. Thus he slept, disturbed once in the night by a pig rooting him and once toward morning by the donkey's braying when the roosters crowed.

Not until the dawn broke did the master of the house open the door. When he did, the animals, wives, children, and doctor crowded out of one accord. Morning worship was held, at which all worshippers fell prostrate before a stick of wood which was the length of an arm and which contained a knot. After this was over, the day's work started and the doctor left with a growling headache to remember his night by. This, I hope, is a vivid illustration of night life of farmers in China.

A. St. C. '25

SIR ROGER DE COVERLY AT THE PLAYHOUSE

Sir Roger, wishing to learn the American idea of English life, asked me to accompany him to the Playhouse the other night to see the comedy, "So this is London." I thought from the first that the knight was not going to appreciate American humor. However, I

would say nothing to offend him, so I accompanied him. As usual, he must be seated and comfortable at least an hour before the play.

He was awakened from a doze into which he had fallen by the confusion of the people taking their seats shortly before play-time. He immediately began commenting on the occupation of this one and that one and on their mode of dress. He had a hearty "Good evening" for all who glanced at him and many who did not. This greatly embarrassed me for of course everyone wondered who the funny-looking gentleman was, and I overheard one person say he was part of the play, since he was dressed after the customs of old England.

I was exceedingly glad when the theatre was darkened and the play started. Other things started too. Sir Roger would jump up from his seat denouncing the way the butler was portrayed, saying no English butler looked like that fool. I had hard work to quiet him for he kept muttering that there was no humor in it. When the country squire was presented and the audience laughed loudly, the old knight went beyond my control and explained to them, amid shrieks of laughter, that he was an honorable country squire and that such characterization was a raw take-off on England's noble customs and lacking in all diplomatic propriety.

But the worst was yet to come for the play had stopped and coming down the aisle was the manager of the theatre. I tried to step aside into the aisle so that Sir Roger would not hear him, but he pushed after me and heard the manager ask me to have him leave the theatre. There was plenty of excitement then for Sir Roger exclaimed at the top of his lungs that he should, but he would leave as the gentleman that he was. I followed like an embarrassed valet, but to this day I think that many in the audience thought it was part of the play.

C. S. '25.

THE PHANTOM BOAT

In the town of Riverside, situated on the Connecticut River, lived two boys, John and James Sumner, better known as John and Jim. They had lived with their father in a small house on the outskirts of the village, but his sudden death had left them nothing that they could call their own except an iceboat, a muzzle-loading rifle and the few clothes that they owned. They were forced to sell their house in order to pay the debts which their father owed, but not all luck was against them for they were able to secure a position in a factory which was about two miles above the town and on the same side of the river.

Thus, on a cold December night, the boys were walking to the place where they boarded, when John suddenly said, "Not much of a

chance for a college education for us," and Jim agreed with him. It had formerly been the dream of the two boys to go to college, but the death of their father had shattered it.

Early the next morning as they were walking through the main street of the village on their way to work they noticed a sign which read as follows:

\$5,000 REWARD

For "Bad Bill" Dugan and "Slippy" Sullivan,
Notorious Mail Bandits. Last seen in this vicinity.

They did not think much about it at the time, but when they arrived at the mill nearly all the men were talking it over. Among them an old man was excitedly telling a group of listeners of a phantom boat which he had seen gliding up the river. During the winter ice-boating was a popular sport with the people of Riverside, and it was not uncommon to travel at night, but there was something mysterious about this certain craft in the fact that it carried no lights.

As they were on their way home that night they noticed smoke issuing from some cracks in a large pile of rocks which was quite a long distance from the road. They knew that the smoke came from a fire which was built in a cave under the rocks. The boys had discovered the cave themselves and supposed that no one knew of it. The entrance was far up on the side of a cliff which sloped down to the river and it was very difficult to ascend to it.

They immediately suspected that the bandits were hiding in it and were making trips to a large city where they could find out if their hiding-place was suspected. This theory also explained the mystery of the phantom ice-boat.

That night the boys stationed themselves where they could command a view of the entrance of the cave. One hour—two hours they waited; and then they were rewarded by seeing two figures appear, climb cautiously down the side of the cliff, pull an ice-boat from under the branches of a tree which overhung the river, raise the sail and glide up the river. In about three hours they returned and Jim heard one of them say, "I tell you, Slippy, we've got to leave this place tomorrow night." "You're right, Bill," returned the other, and with that they began the perilous climb up the side of the cliff.

The boys, being assured that these men were the bandits, returned and the next day made plans for their capture. They would get the sheriff and a posse to station themselves at different points up and down the river and the boys would pursue them in their iceboat if necessary.

Accordingly at eight o'clock the next night everything was ready and in about two hours the bandits came out and started down the river. Immediately a number of shots were fired at them from the bank, and they knew that they were discovered, so they went as fast as they could. They were so interested in the management of their own craft that they did not notice the two boys and their ice-boat behind them until they were well started.

For two miles the river went in a straight course and then took a sharp turn to the right. Near the turn, hidden in a mammoth bank of snow, which extended about ten feet over the ice and sixteen feet in height, were the last men of the posse, four in number, who had a full view of the two ice-boats which looked like specks coming down the glistening stretch of ice.

On and on they came, one mile, now half a mile, and now a quarter of a mile away. Then, when the bandits were about to make the turn, a queer thing happened. From the boys' ice-boat a long thin gun-barrel was seen to be raised; it was none other than Jim's old muzzle-loader.

Jim squinted along the barrel and saw the tip of the sight upon which the moonlight shone making it look like a tiny light. He aimed straight at the mast of the bandits' ice-boat, which was about two hundred feet ahead of them, and at just the right moment pulled the trigger. There came a shower of sparks, a deafening report and a long thin sheet of flame from the barrel of the gun, and then, hardly audible above the rumble of the ice-boats, came the sound of splintering wood, and a cry of alarm as the mast of the outlaw boat broke in the middle. Then they lost all control of their boat and plunged into the drift of snow, from which they were immediately pulled and handcuffed by the men who were hidden there.

The next day the men were behind the bars and to each of the boys was given twenty-five hundred dollars, their share of the reward. When asked by one of the village gossips what they would do in the future they responded, "Go to college."

D. V. R. '26.

THE FREAK PARTY

It was a cool July day after I had come in from baseball practice when one of the camp counselors ran down the woody path before the tents crying out, "All out for the Freak Party at seven o'clock. Come dressed as ridiculously as possible. Great prize given out for funniest costume. Come and win it."

Naturally quite a hubbub arose as each girl ran to get particulars,

to plan her costume, to "borrow" portions of the make-up and to tell others her plans.

The supper bell rang before I could decide what to wear, so when Maggie stopped for me I asked her what her costume was to be. She, too, had not decided, so on the way we planned our costumes together.

"The funniest thing I can think of is Topsy in Unc' Tommy's Cabin," Maggie suggested, "but I can't get any costume which will imitate her."

"Oh, listen!" I exclaimed, "I've about forty ribbons back in my trunk. We can do our hair up like Topsy. I tell you, let's go as Topsy Turvy. You will be Topsy and I'll be Turvy. We can wear our bloomers for middies and our middies for bloomers. I've got some red, pink, blue and green stockings. You can have your choice. Red and pink are awful together, or blue and green. We can tie our bathing slippers on the bottom of our sneakers with the toes for heels and walk backwards."

After supper we ran back to the tent and Maggie went for a slightly soiled middy while I rummaged in my trunk. Coming back she saw Kitty's paints—Kitty was teaching the girls how to paint, not their faces but another kind of canvas—and so she brought the red, white enamel, yellow, blue, green and black along.

She put them on the dresser and we did each other's hair in the approved Topsy style. It was somewhat of a puzzle to put the bloomers on but I finally stuck my head through one of the legs and my arm through the other. The original top came on one side so I sewed it up leaving only space for my arm. Maggie did the same.

"Now for our faces, Pats," she said, "you do mine and I'll do yours."

We looked like one of those futurist pictures drawn by a long-haired Russian when we finally looked in the mirror.

"Hurry up," she gasped. "It's five minutes of now and if we're late we'll probably have to pay a fine. We'd be good ones 'cause we can hardly move. They'll probably make us stand on our heads to make us look right. I'll take these paints back and you take the enamel. If we're late we'll probably miss the prize. I wonder what it is!"

Just then my tent mate came in and told us that Kitty had told the girls not to use the paints and that she intended to report it to the head counselor.

Maggie tripped as she passed me and knocked the enamel out of my hand. She grabbed for it and spilled the blue and green over the dresser, my brush and comb and the wash basin. The red dripped

over the side and I slammed the drawers shut for if the paint ever reached them my middies would have resembled a landscape.

"I knew it, I told you so," and more came from my tent mate. Suddenly she knocked us aside and pulled open her drawer. "It'll get all paint," she wailed, "and I can't take anything out. It'll ruin my hair ribbons and my tie. Oh! I'll be late for the party."

Then Maggie lost her temper and kicked the drawer out of May's hands. "For heaven's sake shut up and get out of the way. The paint won't drip into your drawer if you know enough to keep it shut," and she slammed it. "You might as well go to the party for we've heard all about your 'I-told-you-so' and I-knew-its' and about your precious ribbons." May went.

Maggie and I could hardly move so we untied the ribbons and pulled the hair back from our faces for the paint had not yet dried on them. Then we righted our suits and set to work. Maggie took back the paints while I scrubbed the top of the dresser, but the paint would not come off. Nor would it for Maggie. The clothes in my drawer were ruined but May's were all right with the exception of one ribbon. But the only thing I cared for was missing the party and the prize.

Suddenly Maggie cried out, "Pats! Our faces! We can't get this off so we won't be able to get it off our faces. Oh glory!"

The girls straggled back about two hours later so Maggie and I stopped scrubbing and digging and went to inquire about the party and the wonderful prize.

For a whole week the paint stayed on our faces and until it disappeared the girls would not tell us what the prize had been.

We were indeed the laughing stock of the camp when the head counselor called the girls together in the lodge and announced, that had we attended, we would have won the prize, and because we had prepared so faithfully for the party and inquired so industriously about the prize, that she had procured, after much labor, an object so much like the prize that she would give it to us.

She held up a lemon.

C. A. '26.

THE ARISTOCRAT

Udall Seminary in Canada is very democratic. The girls themselves have done a great deal to make it so. Because the seminary is at the end of a small city, almost on Lake Champlain, and two miles from a large forest, these very athletic girls have made sports the greatest thing in the school.

You can imagine, then, the turmoil caused when an English girl was admitted. She was tall, very straight, yet graceful, and had those matchless pink and white cheeks found nowhere except in England. Her hair was wound around her head in two thick yellow braids; her eyes were the blue of English lakes in summer.

The dark little Canadians did not mind her appearance so much, but it was the fact that she bore an extremely aristocratic name, Thelma Grassner, and was far richer than all the others together, and that her clothes came from Paris. Consequently they avoided her as much as possible.

Thelma was very sensitive and saw how matters were. Even her roommate, Jeanne DuPois, snubbed her, but Jeanne DuPois often had parties in her room where Thelma met all the other girls. As much as they disliked her they loved to hear her play the violin and to hear her pure high voice accompanied by the guitar singing their beloved French songs. Thelma was talented but nothing could make her classmates forget the fact that she could not swim, skate, paddle a canoe, or do any of the numerous things in which they so delighted.

The day before Christmas, Jeanne surprised Thelma by asking her to go to the woods with a bunch of girls to gather evergreen and Christmas trimmings.

She, of course, was delighted, not knowing they intended to make fun of her. They did not know the English were good walkers and they thought Thelma could not walk as fast or as long as they.

The crowd started out joyously enough in spite of a bitter air and gray sky which gave promise of a snow-storm. When they reached the woods, to their surprise they found Thelma was not tired. After gathering sufficient evergreen the other girls started home.

Thelma and Jeanne did not notice their absence, as they were farther down in the woods, until nearly a half-hour later. Then they started for home, both running very fast, when Jeanne tripped in a twist of underbrush and fell to the ground. She had cut her head, but with a "Never mind, I'm all right," they again started off on a much slower walk, as the snow-storm now fairly blinded them.

After walking some distance farther Jeanne's face grew snow-white and she fell back in Thelma's arms. Thelma soon discovered that Jeanne's ankle was badly sprained. At last she resolved to carry her in her arms.

Soon the wind began to blow, the snow blew directly in Thelma's face and she struggled to find her way out. As Jeanne grew cold and shivered violently, she put her coat around her, saying, "I shall keep warm walking."

Had it been a longer distance Thelma would have been exhausted, but as it was she found she had to go to bed immediately on their return to the school. Because of the excitement over Jeanne, no one noticed her until the next morning, when she found the atmosphere changed to that of the warmest friendliness.

Some time later, one night after Jeanne had recovered and Thelma also—for she, too, had been very ill—Jeanne whispered to Thelma, “I shall never forget how kind you were to me.” To this day Jeanne wonders why Thelma answered happily, “I am fully repaid.”

D. S. '27.

The modern school of poetry, as expressed in *vers libre* and the imagist movement, has excited some comment in literary circles. Students of Senior English classes, not to be outdone by their elders, have recently promoted a somewhat lengthy discussion of this new form of poetry. Two factions have arisen, the admirers and the scoffers of Amy Lowell, Carl Sandburg, Vachael Lindsay, and the rest. The intense feeling aroused has inspired the attempts of some would-be poets. The following is an example:

THE MOON

Over yonder hill
Rises the moon in all her splendor.
A golden sphere
Riding on silver clouds
In a sparkling sea of stars.

The moon maidens
Catch the brilliance of their lady queen.
Oh Moon—
Thou makest a silver network with the leaves.
Thy radiance on the water
Maketh pathways bright.
I would walk there if I were not afraid
Of spoiling the illusion
With my earthly feet.



THE CHRISTMAS ASSEMBLY

The Christmas Assembly was held Wednesday morning December 30, 1923, at about 11:15 o'clock. After several appropriate carols had been sung, the Rev. Father Griffin of Wallingford gave the Christmas address. This was very interesting and to the point. The Assembly was closed by another song.

FOOTBALL BANQUET IN THE ASSEMBLY HALL

On Thursday evening, December 13, 1923, the football squad of R. H. S. was entertained at a supper arranged by several members of the faculty in the Assembly Hall of the High School building.

At 6:30 the gridiron warriors, with their respective lady-friends, filed into the Assembly Hall to sit down to a very nice supper, served personally by the teachers. Card tables, very prettily decorated, were arranged in the form of a horseshoe. At the closed end of the horseshoe sat Coach O'Brien with Mr. Abbott and Mr. Fairchild.

During the supper each person was asked to read the verse which was printed on his place card. A great deal of merriment was also caused by Mr. O'Brien, when he read telegrams directed to individual members of the football squad. Each telegram was a joke on the fellow to whom it was directed.

Following the supper a very informal dance party was held. At 11 o'clock the fellows started for home, all having had a very fine time.

FOOTBALL BANQUET AT THE BERWICK

On Tuesday evening, January 8, 1924, the Exchange and Rotary Clubs gave a very fine party to the R. H. S. football team. This was one of the main events of the year for the members of the squad, and one which they will not soon forget.

After the singing of “America,” the State Champions, with the members of the Rotary and Exchange Clubs, sat down to a very elaborate turkey dinner. This was thoroughly enjoyed by all.

Following the dinner the address of welcome was given by Mr. James P. Leamy. After a solo, rendered by Father Griffin, Dr. Ray

E. Smith presented the members of the championship team with the little gold footballs which have been so proudly displayed since. Capt. James Rice responded to this presentation in behalf of the football squad. A similar gold football was presented also to Coach O'Brien, Dr. Smith again making the presentation speech. The last speaker, Mr. Roy N. Berry, Scout executive in Rutland, gave a fine address on the Scout movement. Mr. Berry pointed out the purpose of the Scout movement and asked for co-operation with him in Rutland. This address closed the banquet.

THE LODGE PARTY

A party of eighteen boys and girls watched the New Year in at the new Green Mountain Club House on the Woodstock road.

The party was taken up in cars. On New Year's day hikes to Pico Lodge and the Deer's Leap Caves took place.

The following day the girls were taken home in cars but most of the boys returned on foot.

The party was chaperoned by Mrs. Gilmore.

THE CHRISTMAS DANCE

The annual Christmas Dance was held in the Assembly Hall, December 26th. It was attended by a large number of pupils and alumni. The hall was very prettily decorated with the usual Christmas scheme. Music was furnished by Mangan's orchestra. Ice cream and cake was served during intermission.

THE SKIT FOR WOMAN'S CLUB

The Community House Glee Club, composed of High School girls, put on a skit for the Woman's Club Bazaar, held at the Parish House, Monday evening, December 11.

The program consisted of well-known songs, games and old-fashioned recitations performed by the girls dressed as children.

After the entertainment the Woman's Club gave a dance for the High School pupils. The Studio Five Orchestra furnished music.

THE BEANTOWN CHOIR

An amusing bit of broad comedy, "The Beantown Choir," made fun for the afternoon and evening audiences at the High School Assembly Hall, January 18. The Senior cast, under the coaching of Miss Nellie Newton, certainly should receive a great amount of praise for staging the play so creditably.

The struggles of a choir leader with the temperamental members of her rural body of singers created a great deal of amusement. There were scores of amusing incidents and scenes, and each of the students taking part won applause. Harriet Beane caused much laughter by the finished manner in which she imitated the Widow Wood.

Members of the cast were: Widow Wood, Harriet Beane; Beth Wood, Dorothy Fifield; Hezekiah Doolittle, Paul Cady; Mrs. Doo-Ree-Mee-Seales, Margaret Parker; Belinda Snix, Thelma Humphries; Tessie Tooms, Helen Kent; Sallie Etta Pickles, Dorothy Kirk; Birdie Cackle, Ethel Palmer; Grandmaw Howler, Laura Powers; Samantha Sniggins, Beula Belland; Bashful Bill Bloomer, Roy Davenport; Elder, Arthur Kavanaugh.

Members of the Jedediah Chorus were:

Tenors—Ernest Reed, Fred Taylor.

Basses—Roy Davenport, Joseph Radigan.

The cast was served a supper by the Parent-Teacher Association.

AND SHE WAS ———

They strolled in the twilight together,
The heavens were blossomed with stars;
She paused for a moment in silence
As he lowered for her the bars.

She cast her soft eyes upon him,
But he spoke no loving vow—
For he was a rustic laddie
And she was a Jersey cow.

—*Western Farmer.*

Frosh.: "What was the matter with O'Brien yesterday? I saw him laughing out in the hall?"

Soph.: "Oh! he swallowed a feather and it tickled him."

I. O.: "The doctor says long rides in the country are beneficial to people suffering from heart trouble."

B. L.: "I believe you."

To remove paint—"Sit on it."

A Buy word—"How much?"

A round sum—A penny.

EXCHANGES

We have received a large number of exchanges this year. These are the following: "Lewis and Clark Journal," Spokane, Wash.; "Exeter Comet," High School, Exeter, N. H.; "The Patriot," Leavenworth, Kans.; "Tech News," Worcester, Mass.; "The Saxonian," Middlebury, Vt.; "The Opinionator," Kingston, Penn.; "High School Record," Montpelier, Vt.; "The Oracle," Gloversville, N. Y.; "The Register," Burlington, Vt. These papers named have been reviewed in the previous number of the "Red and White." We are very glad to acknowledge all our exchanges, and we hope that the schools they represent will comment on our paper. It is only in this way that we can "see ourselves as others see us." Others not previously commented upon follow:

"The Vermont Pioneer," Vermont State School of Agriculture, Randolph Center, Vt. A large Editorial Department would improve "The Pioneer" greatly. A Joke Column, most editors seem to agree, is necessary for the success of a school paper. Why don't you have one? The account of the basketball game between the "Aggies" and Randolph is well written up. Your paper is a good one and we hope you will come again.

"Hi-Spirit," Enosburg Falls, Vt. (Dec. 1923). The name "Hi-Spirit" exactly suits your paper. The Editorial and Literary Departments are especially noteworthy. The editorial on "Friends" is a fine one, and applies to every school. "A Happy Christmas for Matusé" is a well told little story, about an Eskimo boy's Christmas present to his lady-love. A few cuts or cartoons, introducing the various subjects, would appeal to many readers. You can enlarge your Exchange Department by sending out a few copies of the "Hi-Spirit" to other schools. Whoever receives this well developed paper, will certainly be glad to exchange with you.

"The X-Ray," Sacramento High School, Sacramento, Cal. "The X-Ray" is an original paper. Your editors and business managers must put in a lot of time in order to get out such an extensive weekly paper. You seem to have enough things going on to publish a large weekly publication, whereas most other schools are hard put to it to make up one even once a month. This would indicate that you have a large, progressive high school in a live community. It is interesting to

see that the activities and athletics, even though at the other end of the country, are about the same as they are here in the East. You evidently play basketball with the same enthusiasm as your Eastern brothers do while the north wind howls and shrieks outside. Look later for the account of our State scholastic basketball tournaments.

"Star of the North," Virginia High School, Virginia, Minn. Your paper is small but attractive. The Society and Athletic Departments are well written up. The addition of a literary department with a few stories, and perhaps a poem or two, would add a great deal of interest and would furnish a needed variety.

"The Oracle," (Dec. 21), Bradentown High School, Bradentown, Fla. "The Oracle" is the best "bi-weekly" we have seen. The Joke Department is exceptionally good. Judging by the article about your athletic coach he must be a dandy. We enjoy exchanging with you.

"Spaulding Sentinel" (No. 3), Spaulding High School, Barre, Vt. As soon as we saw the "Sentinel" we realized that in order to get out such a paper, the staff must have expended a great amount of work. The picture of the Indian Brave on the cover commands attention and is characteristic of the aggressive spirit of Spaulding High. The article entitled "The Proper Place of Athletics," by the coach, contains food for thought for every one. The accounts of your first two basketball games are so vivid that it is impossible to stop reading till the "winning basket has been tossed."

"The Clarion," Fair Haven High School, Fair Haven, Vt. Your Literary Department is excellent. The poem, "A Storm at Sea" conveys that sense of the rushing, awing, overpowering majesty of the ocean in an admirable manner. "The Green Mountains" should appeal to every Vermont son. A larger Exchange Department would improve the "Clarion."

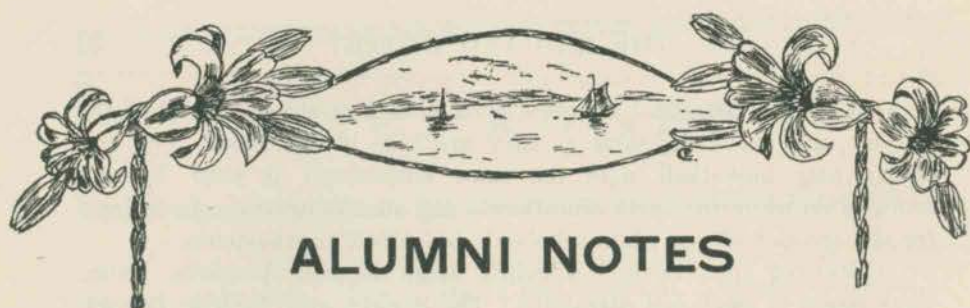
BUT THE AMATEURS ARE WEALTHY

One day, while strolling through the park, a Shakespearian actor of the old school (i. e., long hair, tie, coat, and feet) chanced upon one of the dregs which frequent public benches.

"And who may you be?" quoth our hero in a voice that would make Macbeth sound like a piccolo.

"I was a bootlegger, kind sir," answered the victim of modern civilization."

"A bootlegger; and I am an actor. Two professions ruined by amateurs."



ALUMNI NOTES

CLASS OF 1923

Robert Bove—Goddard Seminary
 Jessie Chase—Good Samaritan Hospital
 Bernard Canty—New York University
 Herbert Davison—Yale
 Whitney Cook—Exeter
 Mary Cooper—Berea College
 Frank Duffy—Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute
 Ruth Harwood—Mary Burnham School
 Harriette Lawrence—Dana Hall
 Dorothea Humphreys—Castleton Normal School
 Thomas Mangan—Goddard Seminary
 Marjorie Howe—Castleton Normal School
 Helen Matthews—Middlebury College
 Fritz Metzger—Norwich
 Philip Moloney—Colgate
 Philomene Monette—McGill University
 Harold Parkhurst—Albany Business College
 Ted Roberts—Middlebury College
 Angelo Spero—New York University
 John Tynan—Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute

CLASS OF 1922

Mollie Morris—Mrs. Frank Shelvey
 Dorothea Bellerose—Middlebury College
 Albert Bashaw—Middlebury College
 George Ward—University of Vermont
 Helen Leahey—Castleton Normal School
 Edward Tracy—University of Vermont
 Paul Gifford—Massachusetts Optical School
 Nicky Manfreda—University of Vermont
 Catherine Matthews—Middlebury College
 Nita Crowther—University of Vermont

THE RED AND WHITE

25

Charles Oney—University of Winnipeg
 Mary Davis—University of Vermont
 Catherine Hinekley—Castleton Normal School
 Steve Wells—Worcester Polytechnic School
 Walter Wheeler—Worcester Polytechnic School

CLASS OF 1921

Isabell Marshall—Wellesley
 Paul Cardelle—Norwich
 Leslie Hoag—Annapolis
 Frank Clark—Norwich
 Katherine Botsford—Russell Sage
 Charles Metzger—Annapolis
 Alice Blanchard—Miss Wheelock's School in Boston
 Elias Haddad—Annapolis
 Lorna Smith—Wheaton
 Madeline Davis—Wheaton
 Marjorie Pierce—University of Vermont
 Francis Cannon—St. Michael's College
 John Eddy—St. Michael's College
 Madeline Hodsdon—New York, Student in School of Dramatics

CLASS OF 1920

Martha Butler—Physical Culture Teacher
 Clarence Botsford—Middlebury
 Margaret Freedom—Mary Fletcher Hospital
 Mildred Farmer—Mrs. Charles Lamondy
 Payson Webber—Harvard
 Priscilla Grower—University of Vermont
 Anna Wilkinson—Middlebury College
 William Metzger—University of Vermont
 Lillian Robertson—Boston

CLASS OF 1919

Mary Williams—French Teacher
 Ruth Davis—Mrs. William Kennedy
 Macy Pratt—Mrs. Kenneth Preston
 Gladys Powers—Mrs. Hubert Hinds
 Mary Margaret Landon—Smith
 Maurice Bellerose—Norwich
 Reginald Hodsdon—Middlebury College
 Donald Clark—University of Vermont
 Fred Deragon—Albany

ATHLETICS

A BLUE CURE

You're feeling blue and lonely?

You're tired of it all?

Just walk up to the Armory

And watch "our boys" play ball.

They're strong and fine and healthy,

They've spirit through and through,

And when you look upon them

You catch their spirit too.

And when the game has started

Amidst the shouts and cheers,

You'll surely catch the spirit

That ends all doubts and fears.

They love to win in battle

But they're good losers, too,

They don't once think of bluffing

For they are all "true blue."

And when the game is over

And, IF you still are blue,

All I can say is this, friend,

"There's not a cure for you."

R. M. G. '24.

BASKETBALL

As a flyer for the 1924 season, Coach O'Brien arranged a two days' trip to Massachusetts for the high school boys.

On the afternoon of December 20, Rutland played Springfield Technical High School of Springfield, Mass., and the next night played at Holyoke.

Although they were defeated in both these games the boys profited by an untold wealth of experience and came back from the Bay State ready to fight to the finish through their 1924 season.

HAS-BEENS VS. NOW R'S

The first home game was between the R. H. S. Alumni and the regulars. Although the Alumni had an all-star college team they were sadly in need of co-operation and were defeated by the better drilled players. The final score was 35—32.

Coach O'Brien had a good chance to look over his new material as everyone from the squad got in for a few minutes' action.

R. H. S. VS. SPRINGFIELD

The first trip of the season resulted in a win for Rutland over Springfield, Vt., by the score of 24—14. The game was slowed up considerably by the repeated fouling on both teams. Never, however, was the evidence of Rutland's superiority lacking.

Although the score was close, Rutland had the home team in check at all times.

FAIR HAVEN VS. RUTLAND

January 10 saw the defeat of Rutland's ancient basketball rival, Fair Haven, on the latter's court. The game was rather loosely played, but Rutland tightened in the third quarter and cinched the game. From then on Fair Haven was unable to overcome the visitors' lead. O'Brien was able to use several substitutes in the last few minutes.

ST. PETER'S CADETS VS. RUTLAND

The game with the St. Peter's Cadets provided the usual amount of enthusiasm for local basketball fans.

It was the fastest game of the season and will long be remembered by the spectators as well as the players. Dribbling and passing featured the scoring of Rutland, while the Cadets relied on individual work and long shots for their points. Rutland emerged from the fray at the long end of a 30—23 score.

BENNINGTON VS. RUTLAND

January 16 saw the Rutland boys journeying to Bennington, Vt., where they were defeated by the score of 29—35. Although the score does not show it the game was very hotly contested; until the final whistle blew the winner was uncertain.

Only once during the game did Rutland play true to form. In the third quarter Bellerose and Reardon came through and clicked off three baskets in almost as many seconds. But Bennington's time stopped the rally and after that Rutland was unable to overcome the Bennington lead.

BRATTLEBORO VS. RUTLAND

The "Organ Town" team next journeyed to Rutland to make up for their defeat in football, but they were turned away disappointed, 26—24. In the first half Rutland had a good lead over their opponents but Brattleboro came back strong and climbed up within two points of Rutland's lead.

FAIR HAVEN VS. RUTLAND

A few weeks after this defeat Fair Haven came over determined to give us a beating, but like their predecessors, Brattleboro, they were sent back vanquished, 21—18. It was a fast game; Fair Haven was ahead at the end of the third quarter, 16—15, but Rutland came back like whirlwinds and completely mystified the visiting players, turning defeat into victory the last few minutes of play.

BRANDON VS. RUTLAND

The following night Rutland defeated Brandon 23—18. It was a slow game but very closely fought. Brandon showed its usual fine school spirit by a large crowd of rooters, which contrasted clearly with the Rutland cheering section.

CADETS VS. RUTLAND H. S.

On February 7th with much doubt on the part of Rutland rooters as to a victory, High School played the Cadets on the latter's court. But Rutland, playing a wonderful game, never let the Cadets get ahead. The final score was 37—28.

So far this season the team has had fairly good success, having won all the home games and being defeated only once out of town.

The line-up at the first of the season, which has been intact except

for the loss of "Jimmie" Rice, will no doubt remain unchanged for the rest of the season.

It is as follows:

Right Forward—Bellerose

Left Forward—W. Reardon

Center—Hagan

Right Guard—Bove

Left Guard—C. Reardon

Coach O'Brien has some good material also in his substitutes, which include Reed, Davenport, Radigan, Fuller, Beale, Wilson, Holland, Newton, Fairchild, Olson and Goddard.

The line-up and score for the final game against St. Peter's Cadets follows:

	High School		
Bellerose, rf.	5	2	12
W. Reardon, lf.	2	4	8
Reed, lf.	2	0	4
Radigan, c.	2	1	5
Hagan, c.	3	0	6
Rice, rg.	0	0	0
Beale, rg.	0	0	0
C. Reardon, lg.	1	0	2
Bove, lg.	0	0	0
Totals	15	7	37

	St. Peter's		
J. Kelley, rf.	6	3	15
Barrett, lf.	2	0	4
Cannon, c.	2	1	5
M. Kelley, rg.	1	0	2
Mulqueen, rg.	0	0	0
Burke, lg.	0	2	2
Connor, lg.	0	0	0
Totals	11	6	28

Referee—Fred Jones.

Timer—J. Barrett

Scorer—Edinger

Time—Four 10-minute periods.

INDIVIDUAL SCORING RECORD TO FEBRUARY 28

Name	Position	Baskets from Floor	Foul Baskets	Total Points
Beale,	G	0	0	0
Bellerose	F	51	11	113
Bove	F & G	6	0	12
Davenport	C, F & G	2	2	6
Fairchild	F	1	0	2
Goddard	G	1	0	2
Hagan	C	33	5	71
Holland	F & G	3	1	7
Newton	F & G	0	0	0
Olson	G	1	0	2
Radigan	C & F	5	1	11
Reardon, C.	G	11	0	22
Reardon, W.	F & G	38	16	92
Reed	F	9	2	20
Rice	G	3	5	11
Wilson	F	2	0	4

Bell Hop (after guest has rung for ten minutes): "Did you ring, sir?"

Guest: "No, I was tolling, I thought that you were dead."—*Exc.*

"Maybe that will hold you for awhile," said Rameses, as he hitched his horse to a pyramid.—*Exc.*

Bliss: "I hear that you are the flower of your family!"

Ignorance: "Oh yes, but how did you know that they called me that?"

Bliss: "That was easy to guess, because you are such a blooming idiot."

Bookseller: "Young man, this book will do half of your work."

Ambitious Stude: "Give me two."—*Exc.*

The One: "I'm worried, my girl is running around with that new doctor in town."

The Other: "Feed her an apple a day."—*Exc.*



JOKES

THE FIRST LEAP YEAR

Johnny Cro-Magnon savagely twitched his new spring model wolf skin. Why in heck wasn't he like the rest of the fellows? Every one of the other members of the Young Cavemen's Association had at least one wife and many even more. He'd be content with just one, and yet, he, the best dinosaur hunter of the tribe, didn't have nerve enough to propose. Here it was the beginning of 219201 B. C. and he had as yet taken unto himself no wife.

How often he had rehearsed the scene by which he would do it! Once more he consulted his Book of Etiquette for the Stone Age. "First, you must engage the young woman in conversation, next club her scientifically into insensibility, then, if her parents object, kill them and there you are!" Nothing more to do but keep the home fires burning. Others did it, why not he? He must be effeminate.

For, to tell the truth, he rather hated to muss the matted locks of Miss Ing Link, and there were others whom he would prefer killing than her father. Old man Link was a nice old bird with the largest collection of skulls in the county—and there was no one who could cook Mammoth steak like Mrs. Link.

Yes, he must be effeminate. He had only a three-foot beard while all the rest of the gang had enough for a winter overcoat.

Well, he would try once more. He rose languidly and neatly kicked a sabre-toothed tiger from his path. The pesky animals were always hanging around and only four days ago the youngest Stone-Hatched kid had received a severe scratch when two of them had played too roughly with him.

The Links lived in one of the best caves. No slate for them; solid lime-stone was theirs, neatly engraved by Papa Link in his spare hours. The sight of it made Johnny wish he had put on his rhinoceros knickers and polished his flint knife which was rather the worse for wear after playfully scalping two neighboring tribesman that morning.

He stepped into the cave—crash—the stars were shining brightly. Then consciousness returned. There before him was Ing Link herself! "Oh Johnny," she said, "you were so bashful. I just had to show you I loved you. Will you be my shiek?"

Johnny carefully felt the growing bump on his declining forehead. "Sweet-heart," he breathed, "this is my happiest moment."

Thus was Johnny made happy. Other girls of the tribe, amazed at Ing's success, tried the same thing. Soon the camp was filled with engaged young men with fractured skulls.

But a limit had to be declared and so the chief decided that only once in four years could the natural order be revived. Thus every fourth year from then on the female of the species has been more dangerous than the male.

THE "LOVELY" DAY

After a careful investigation it has been found that the thrilling habit of sending Valentines originated at the beginning of human history. Eve, it is said, sent heart-shaped leaves to Adam as a token of her regards. The habit increased until the hearts blushed a ruddy color at the sentiment which they carried. Then the custom of having arrows through the hearts came from Robin Hood, who believed in love at first sight and shot straight at the heart of his victims. The lace was then added to the Valentine for in Elizabeth's day even necks were adorned with lace cart wheels. But now—ah now! The youth in the fangs of puppy love sends his so-called lover—no insinuations—a heart shaped box of *candy*. But during the present Leap Year season it is probable that the mail will only be lightly burdened with *paper Valentines*.

"THE DAYS OF REAL SPORT"

At this time, a few words about some of the more popular Winter Sports should not be amiss. We believe that, undoubtedly, one of the most patronized of these sports is freezing one's ear. Nothing can really compare with this time-tried winter amusement, in the amount of pleasure and enjoyment derived. It appeals so much to young and old alike, that, in their great joy, they cannot control their enthusiasm. In fact, many have been known to dance and snap their fingers. Personal satisfaction is gained because of the great relief one experiences when the benumbed member has completely thawed out.

Another of the best known forms of winter recreation is falling

down. This game is easier to do well, and the returns are quicker, though generally not of such lasting value as in the first named sport, which only studied skill can perfectly accomplish. For this reason many people prefer the falling down act. Quite unintentionally one may become an artist at this game. Above all, falling down is a wonderful developer of teamwork. Often when several people are on a smooth surface of slippery ice one begins, and the rest follow simultaneously. The great benefits derived are obvious. However this sport has one very great arch-enemy. This enemy is the creeper—not the Virginia creeper, but the Vermont variety. It has been suggested that a war be commenced to prevent the manufacture and sale of these foes to good sport. We agree heartily with this project of world benefit, and hope that the students of old "R. H. S." will support it to the utmost.

But wherever winter sports are mentioned, there is one favorite that should never be omitted. I refer to that of falling through the ice in the endeavor to ascertain its thickness. Many people believe, and quite naturally, that when ice has attained a thickness of several inches, this game is prohibited. In this respect they are grossly in error. A large hole, such as is frequently made for ice-fishing, may be chopped in the frozen water; then by leaning far over the edge to see if it is thick enough, a veritable record may be hung up.

The main point of advantage which winter sports have over those of summer is that quite as much amusement is afforded the onlookers as the participants. This is a fact that should not be overlooked in comparing the two types.

With such excellent devices with which to regale ourselves during dull hours, the long winter months will quickly fly by, and we shall be sorely disappointed when we once more see signs of approaching spring.

W. R. P. '24.

WINTER PASTIMES—SECOND COURSE

Although a contributor to this column has dwelt at length upon an allied topic the editor feels the subject has not been adequately treated. A complaint has been entered that the sport of freezing ears is enjoyed by the minority since ear bobs protect so many.

One of the most fascinating and popular winter pastimes is Hockey. Though found in but a few cases, we too have our hockey enthusiasts; only in their vocabulary, an *o* is substituted for a *c* with the resulting word "hookey."

Knitting is not strictly a winter sport but we will classify it as such. Most members of the faculty are expert at this for when they desire to stress some particular point, knitting the eyebrows adds effectiveness.

Some people take up certain pastimes because of the physical benefit derived. Allow me to give two examples. Master Charles Beale now is smoking "the vile weed" in order to stunt his growth. Master Stetson Edmunds, in direct contrast to Master Charles, has taken up growing this season.

Fancy skating is quite the thing now. It is most satisfying to be able to glide over the ice, gracefully thrust forward first one limb, then the other, whirl on a moment's notice, etc. After a certain exhibition of Girls' Basketball at the Armory, we would say that these maids would qualify as fancy sliders. A bit of practice, however, would be necessary, for, though we hate to criticise, loss of equilibrium too often occurred.

Ah! but we have forgotten something! Yes, you have geussed it, Mah Jong. This in R. H. S. vocabulary is pronounced My Junk. One and all pick up "My Junk" and depart for home each noon. We hope the term junk applied to our lovely highly colored books on such interesting subjects as Latin, Chemistry, Algebra, etc., will be pardoned.

FURTHER ADVENTURES IN VERS LIBRE

C'EST A ———

With cap and coat of many colors,
With shining steely skates,
True followers of Hans Brinker,
Graceful (not always)
Fairylike—
Gliding over the glacy surface
And sometimes
Taxing the capacity of the ice by sprawling at full length.

There was a young man from the city
Who saw what he thought was a kitty.
He gave it a tap
And soon after that
He buried his clothes. What a pity!

FEBRUARY 22ND

Chop, chop, chop
Crash ———
George! (in a loud bass tone)
WHAT have you done?
I cannot tell a lie, father,
I did it with the pretty little hatchet.
All right, sonny.
Only
No cherry pie
For *your* dinner.

IT IS TO LAUGH

PROHIBITION EVEN THEN

English Teacher: "Who wrote 'Drink to me only with Thine Eyes?'"

Bright Student: "John Drinkwater."

Miss Meldon: "Bove, fermez la porte, s'il vous plait" (please shut the door).

Bove: "Avec plaisir," as he got up and turned on the lights.

Miss Barry: "What was the name of Alexander's horse?"

Brightness: "Sparkplug."

He: "Do you know Lincoln's Gettysburg address?"

She: "I thought that he lived at the White House."—*Exc.*

Pat: "Do you believe in Fate?"

Mike: "Sure, if it weren't for them phat would I stand on?"

John: "Everything made me think of the Ku Klux Klan last night."

Harry: "Yes, even the rain came down in sheets."—*Exc.*

Henry Brush was a traveling man,
Who traveled the briny main.
He was Mr. Brush in England
And Senor Brush in Spain;
The French called him Monsieur Brush,
But the German was his bane,
For they always called him Herr(hair) Brush,
Which filled his soul with pain.

THE RED AND WHITE

THE QUESTION BOX

Ques.: I wish to diet. Have you any suggestions?"

Ans.: "Oh, Diamond Dyes are the best."

Ques.: "How can I keep from falling out of bed?"

Ans.: "Sleep on the floor."

Ques.: "What efficient method can you suggest by which I can easily learn my Cicero?"

Ans.: "Consult not your physician but the owner of a livery stable."

Ques.: "What was the result of the Civil War?"

Ans.: "Divorcee."

"Waiter," said a customer after waiting fifteen minutes for his soup, "have you ever been to the zoo?"

"No, sir."

"Well, you ought to go. You would enjoy seeing the turtles whiz past."

The University of Vermont

INSTRUCTION OFFERED IN

The College of Arts and Sciences

The College of Medicine

The College of Agriculture

The College of Engineering

Military drill is supervised by officers of the Regular Army. Efficient athletic instructors supervise physical development. Expenses are moderate.

All courses are open to women.

For Catalogue, Bulletins and Special Information, address,

THE REGISTRAR

University of Vermont,

Burlington, Vermont

Compliments of

The Clement National Bank of Rutland, Vermont

Interest paid on Savings Accounts for even
Calendar Months

YOUR ACCOUNT INVITED

HENRY G. SMITH, President.

CHARLES H. HARRISON, Cashier.

MILES S. SAWYER, Vice-President.

EDMUND P. SHAW, Asst. Cashier.

DIRECTORS

P. W. CLEMENT

H. G. SMITH

M. S. SAWYER

WILL L. DAVIS

GEO. T. JARVIS

WM. H. FIELD

O. J. MAIGNE

C. H. HARRISON

HOWLEY & CO.

Compliments of

Fashion

Park

Clothiers

James A. Lillis

Clothing Co.

NICHOLS, BARNEY & DALEY

KUPPENHEIMER AND STYLEPLUS CLOTHES

Crawford and Edmonds Footfitter Shoes

Berg Hats

THERE ARE NONE BETTER

Rutland,

Vermont

Are You Proud of You?

Do you dress so correctly as to good style and good taste, that you feel at home in any company, from the breakfast table at home to the girl who makes your heart beat faster?

Education first—by all means—but don't forget that well styled clothes play no small part in the plans of any young man looking for success.

Spring Suits \$25 to \$50 Topcoats \$25 to \$35 Spring Hats \$3.50 to \$7.00

WILSON CLO. CO.

FOR
INSURANCE THAT INSURES
PROTECTION THAT PROTECTS
SERVICE THAT SERVES

SEE

ROGER S. PIKE

3 and 4 QUINN BUILDING

PHONE 1460

ANES & BRAVES

Candy Shop

9 MERCHANTS ROW

Where Quality and Service
IS UNSURPASSED

Home-Made Candies and Ice Cream
OUR SPECIALTY

WE AIM TO PLEASE

THE
Red and White

**Senior
Class
Number**

RUTLAND HIGH SCHOOL

RUTLAND, VERMONT

Rutland Soda Spa

15 CENTER STREET

The Sweetest Spot in Town

The very place to stop and have

A Soda A Sundae A Sandwich

DON'T FORGET OUR

CANDY

TO THE STUDENT

"It's the little things that count."

A few pennies saved each week grow into great big dollars before you know it—if deposited in a safe bank.

You boys and girls don't know how easy it is to get into the saving habit. Neither do you know what a fine thing it is to feel that your savings are earning money for you at 4½% right straight along.

Why not open an account with us?

THE MARBLE SAVINGS BANK

RUTLAND, VERMONT

WALK-OVER SHOES

For Men and Young Men

\$7.50 and \$8.50

CLAUSON SHOE CO.

D.C. PAUL & CO., Inc.

CUSTOM TAILORING
and Clothing House

54 Center St., RUTLAND, VT.

THE SURPRISE

DEPARTMENT STORE CO.

*The Store of
Progress, Fashion and Economy*

18-20 Merchants Row

Compliments

BEAUCHAMP & O'ROURKE

Graduate Pharmacists

2 MERCHANTS ROW

RUTLAND - - - VERMONT

E. G. MCCLALLEN & CO.

PRESCRIPTION DRUG STORE

*Belle Meade Sweets
and Durant's Candy*

RUTLAND, VERMONT

Always The Newest First

In Feminine Needs

Chas. Sterns & Co.

The Service Store

Shangraw's Pharmacy

Prescription
Pharmacists

Wales and Center St., Opp. Berwick

Rutland, Vt.

The Rutland County National Bank

A Student's Bank

A Family Bank

A Business Men's Bank

SAFE DEPOSIT BOXES FOR RENT

ROBERT D. SMITH
Cashier

Rutland Savings Bank

INCORPORATED 1850

The wise men of all times have advocated saving and thrift and we have endeavored to make it easy for you by installing the Automatic Receiving Teller for your convenience hoping thereby to establish the good habit of systematic saving which is a start on the road to wealth.

HENRY O. CARPENTER, President

CHAS. A. SIMPSON, Treasurer

Board of Editors



Vol. 3

June, 1924

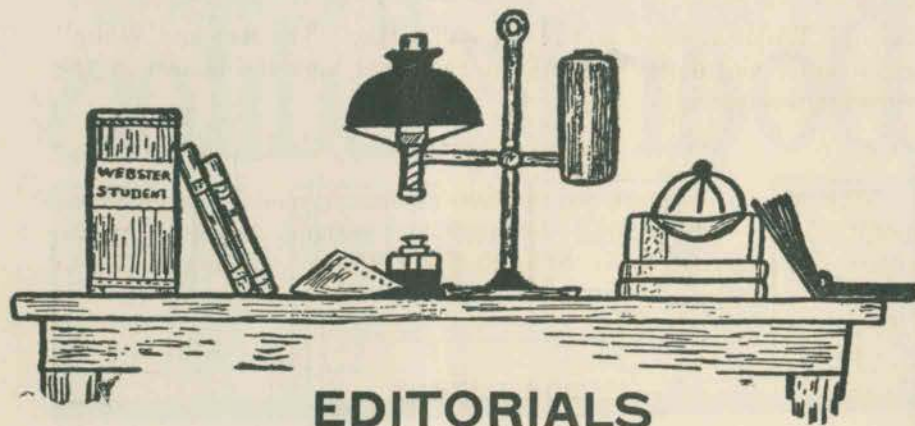
No. 4

EDITED BY THE STUDENTS OF THE RUTLAND HIGH SCHOOL

<i>Editor-in-Chief</i>	Milford Smith, '24
<i>Business Manager</i>	Gordon Smith, '25
<i>Assistant Business Manager</i>	Harold Beane, '25
<i>Advertising Manager</i>	Robert Levins, '25
<i>Literary Editor</i>	Ruth McGillivray, '24
<i>Joke Editor</i>	Florence Lockerby, '24
<i>Athletic Editor</i>	Charles Beale, '25
<i>Exchange Editor</i>	William Pond, '24
<i>Alumni Editor</i>	Mabel Stearns, '24
<i>News Editor</i>	Robert McGillivray, '26
<i>Consulting Editor</i>	Miss Elizabeth Bowen
<i>Reporters:</i> Henry Wilson, '25, Caroline Dye, '26, Temple Russell, '24, Grace Gill, '25, Stetson Edmunds, '25, Carolyn Allen, '26, Janet Fiske, '27, Genevieve Caron, '25, Robert Allen, '26.	

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Editorials	4
Class Day Program	6
Class of 1924	19
News	31
Alumni Notes	32
Exchanges	33
Athletics	35
Jokes	37



EDITORIALS

This, the Senior number of the "Red and White," is the last number under the present Editor-in-Chief and many of the staff. It is with a feeling of regret tinged with relief that we pass the control of the paper into other hands. For on the whole it has been a very pleasant and interesting task to chronicle the doings of R. H. S., but there have been times when the mere sight of a red front store would give us a sickened feeling.

We admit a certain amount of pride as we look back from the beginning of the paper to its present sound financial basis and improved literary contents. However, we realize there is a long way to go yet.

For one thing we need a much better circulation. A school with seven hundred pupils should buy more than a few hundred copies of the school paper. It is a large circulation that means a larger, better paper.

Then, too, the students of the school should take a more active interest in the literary department of the paper. Material for the paper is always appreciated by the editors; in fact, the more the merrier.

However, we feel that the school has given more support this year to the paper than in previous years. Although the jokes are still the principal interest the editorials and stories have been more widely read.

We want to thank all our readers and advertisers who have helped us in the past. We trust and hope your support will be continued and increased.

And so, friends, we bid you farewell. We wish long life and prosperity to "The Red and White." We wish the best of luck to

THE RED AND WHITE

5

the new Editor-in-Chief and to his staff. May "The Red and White" grow better and better and may it ever hold high the banner of the school it represents.

Speaking of support, we indicate exhibit A, model of supporting qualities—the Typewriting Department, without whose accurate copies and generous spirit "The Red and White" could never go to press.

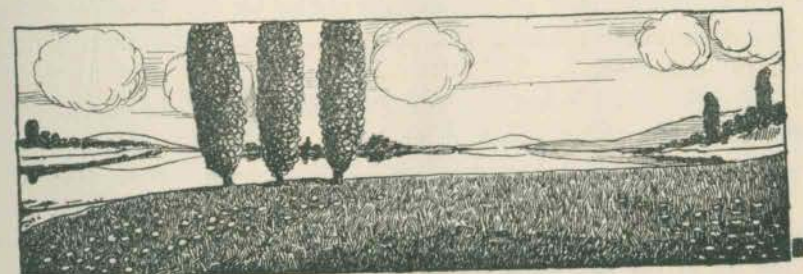
BON VOYAGE

The news has been whispered to us that three of our faculty are soon to embark on the sea of matrimony. Our popular office assistant, Miss Mary Norton, is soon to become Mrs. Harold O'Brien and Miss McKee will change her name, too.

Mr. O'Brien will still coach our teams to victory but Miss Norton and Miss McKee will leave the managing of a class-room for the managing of a man. "The Red and White" extends to them its warmest congratulations and good wishes. In the words of an old phrase, "Our loss is another's gain."

At this same time comes the news that Mrs. Statham and Miss Meldon are to leave these shores for Europe this coming vacation. We envy them this summer, but if two persons deserve a vacation such as this it is these two popular teachers. Both are known as leaders of their particular branches of study. As hard workers they have no equals. In fact, we can picture Mrs. Statham figuring the circumference of the Eiffel Tower; Miss Meldon reproving a French "garçon" for his wrong use of a verb.

We wish both Miss Meldon and Mrs. Statham the best of luck on their journey and will anxiously await their return.



THE SENIOR CLASS



CLASS HISTORY

The Class of 1924 is near the end of four years of hard work. We will never regret the long hours that we have spent in burning the midnight oil in quest of knowledge. To make us forget the work, there have been many good times, carrying us to the completion of our course in Rutland High.

When the Class of 1924 entered Rutland High School there were One Hundred and Fifty-nine in the class. Eight students have come to us from other classes and nineteen from other schools, making a total of One Hundred and Seventy-six, who have at some time been in the class of 1924. Only Eighty-four have remained to complete their senior year.

As freshmen we came up to school in that fateful week of September and looked longingly at the faces of the Seniors and Juniors and hated the Sophomores. Our hate was immediately reciprocated by the Sophomores and many of us felt the water in the trough in Main Street Park gently closing over our heads amid the merriment of the upper classmen.

Our first social event was the Freshman Reception given by the upper classmen for us and how we looked forward to it! When the great moment arrived, however, we hated to depart from the safety of our homes to mingle with the scheming Sophomores and the upper classmen. At last the Reception was over and a few more of us had looked up at the sky from the icy watering trough.

THE RED AND WHITE

7

We then settled down to a hard year's work and although we did not accomplish as much as we might have, we did the best we could. We had a large number on the honor roll and in athletics we were prominent. On the school teams we were well represented and our men held up the honor of the school to her best advantage. In football Rutland won the State Championship by defeating Brattleboro 34—0. Fred Carbine was elected president our Freshman year.

In our Sophomore year we came to school determined to give to the Freshmen the same punishment that we were forced to undergo, and the Freshmen knew that the strong men of our class did their duty. Having thus displayed our feeling of superiority we settled down to do our bit in athletics and in our studies.

During this year the school was not very successful in athletics losing to Burlington in football and baseball by the scores of 26—6 and 3—2 respectively. In basketball we had a fair season but were defeated by Woodstock in the tournament.

As a class we lost the great debate to the Juniors, and although our debaters worked hard and we yelled lustily it was of no avail. We felt proud, however, of the team Mrs. Crowley's expert coaching had produced. The members of it were Roy Davenport, Arthur Kavanaugh, Milford Smith and Paul Willard.

In our Junior year we felt that we could not take any interest in the playfulness of the Sophomores towards the Freshmen. Yet at all times when the trough was visited members of 1924 might be seen in the band.

The school had a good year in athletics. Although we lost to Burlington in a hard fought and closely contested game for the State Championship in football we felt that we had a team to be proud of. In basketball we were the runners-up being defeated by Springfield for the Championship of Southern Vermont. In baseball Rutland defeated Burlington 12—5 and we won the State Championship in track with many close rivals.

Milford Smith was elected president our Junior year and his smiling countenance proved a bit of good luck for us. We won the class debate from the Seniors bringing sweet revenge for our defeat of the year before. We certainly owe a lot to Miss Bowen for coaching the team to victory. The Junior debaters were Roy Davenport, Florence Lockerby, Francis Flanagan and Paul Cady, alternate. In the school debate against Salem two members of the team were from our class. We modestly remark that this shows the quality of the students in the class.

At last we entered our Senior year. How quickly it has gone by! As we look back and remember the good times that we have had the time seems all too near when we will leave the old Rutland High forever. But as others have left the old school and gone forth in other fields to conquer, so must we.

In our Senior year Rutland has had very good teams of which the school may well be proud. In football Rutland won the State Championship defeating Burlington 20—0 and avenged our defeat of the season before. In basketball we had another winning team winning the Championship of Southern Vermont for the first time by defeating Brandon. At the tournament in Burlington, Rutland was defeated by Montpelier, the runners-up. Rutland won another championship this year in track, and although the first meet was closely contested, the second undoubtedly showed that we had the best team. All the athletic teams were captained by men of 1924, which shows good leadership for our class.

Our class had the distinction of producing a record breaker, a discus thrower, and it is said that many hearts were also broken, especially at Brattleboro, when his Valentino countenance was looked upon by the fair maidens. In the class track meet we walked away with the victory, easily defeating the other classes and putting a fitting climax on our athletic careers.

In the four years we have also produced good students. Arthur Kavanaugh, valedictorian, and Ruth MacGillivray, salutatorian, are good examples of our students, although "Tom Cassidy" and "Jake Fuller" gave them a close race for their honors.

In the four years we have also produced good students. Arthur Abbott and the members of the faculty for their assistance in making this history possible and in preparing us for our future work.

RAYMOND CUTLER

CLASS POEM

By Ruth MacGillivray

Four years have sped on the wings of Time,
Each minute filled with the joy of life,
And we, all unthinking, have come to the hour
For which as our goal we have borne the strife.
The Past is bright with the pleasures we shared
The Future, as bright, opens wide before,
And whatever our lot, we'll recall with pride
Days spent with the Class of '24.

No more will the hall ring with our cheers,
And the class-room echo our care-free laugh.
Fate holds fast in her hand the thread
Of our lives spun from her great distaff.
Hers is the secret none can solve
And none can open the fast closed door
Of Time, behind whose bolts and bars
Will vanish the Class of '24.

But the deeds we have done and the race we have run
Will ne'er be forgotten, come what may.
For the annals and archives of Rutland High
Will cherish our praises for many a day.
We've done our best; what more could we do!
And though some to loftier heights may soar
In their dreams, they will keep a spirit true
And loyal to dear old '24.

Though the laurel wreath may crown our brow,
Deep in our hearts, we will confess
A secret longing, in years to come,
For the halls of dear old R. H. S.
And we'll think of the happy bygone days,
Days that to us will come no more.
Our memory's garden will bloom again
Bright with the thoughts of '24.

To you, who in life's later day
Will tread the pathway we have trod,
We hold the torch of guidance bright,
We bid you put your faith in God.
Look up, not down, and wisely choose
The pattern for your life's long score.
Good luck attend you on your way;
This is farewell from '24.



IN 1940

The other day I met a great scientist who has been helping Conan Doyle perfect a scheme by which spirits may be called up from the future as well as from the past. I told him that I was anxious to get in touch with a spirit of the future who could tell me about the deeds of good old '24. He was more than willing; for he and his colleague, Conan Doyle, are eager to demonstrate their wonderful discovery. He took me to his laboratory, a dark and mysterious place, and soon I was hearing the magic words of a being far in the future. I will quote a few of the interesting things I heard.

Ernest Lamb has assumed directorship of Woolworth stores. Lamb has organized the stores in the way he was accustomed to in the local emporium.

Bixby, known as "Battling Marvin," has held the lightweight crown for seven years. His powerful physique is founded on Mr. Bump's training.

Walter Nott is known as the "Trapper of Pine Hill." Walter claims to be the champion skunk trapper of the Eastern States.

Joseph Radigan is known as a specialist in nerve disorders. His hand-holding methods have quieted the moans of some of the hand-somest ladies of the day.

Frances Baldwin is presiding over the destiny of the famous Doc. Smith, who also was our notorious president. Doc. Smith has a rush of patients suffering from high blood pressure.

Laura Powers is a strict exponent of the Harman method of teaching English.

Arthur Kavanaugh has still eluded the cannibals who have followed him throughout his missionary career. Twice Arthur has watched the pot boil but escaped each time armed only with a Webster Dictionary.

Mabel Stearns is secretary to Ray Cutler, President of the Londonderry Railroad, running between Brattleboro and Londonderry, Vt.

Marion Morganson and Harriet Beane are running a kindergarten. Alice Gates is their most promising pupil.

Thelma Humpheys has signed a contract to sing in the Chicago Opera.

Ruth MacGillivray, who was our class poet, is now the Poet Laureate of old Vermont.

Marion Merrill and Ruth Fisk are presiding over district schools No. 13 and 14, respectively.

Marjorie Geno is selling her beauty secrets to users of Henna.

Arlene Squiers is still a battling honey, having just won the ladies' light championship of the world.

Dorothy Fifield is running Rutland's leading ladies' millinery shop, assisted by Margaret Hunt.

Bill Reardon we can dimly see as the future perfect lover of the screen probably as a side line. He will become coach of the Notre Dame track team.

Joe Shanahan will be Mrs. Castle's 19th dancing partner and Mr. MacGraw's star back stop.

"Jake" Fuller finished first in the 1938 Olympics. Jake has run in the 60-mile marathon and has trained exclusively on Pall Malls and English Ovals.

Sam Howard is appearing in the Buffalo Bill Wild West Show. Sam alternates between fancy shooting and jumping. His athletic training at R. H. S. accounts for his marvelous exhibits in jumping bail.

Arthur Cox has taken Sousa's place as director of the U. S. Navy Band. He holds the long-distance cornet record.

Leon Morse wins the Indianapolis Speeding Classic, driving at the rate of 350 miles per hour. Leon says he owes his success to his training at the Clarendon race track.

Mark Eaton discovers signs from Mars after carefully dissecting the supply of static in his radio set. Mark has a fine three-foot spread of Nature's alfalfa.

Roy Davenport is appearing at the Hippodrome in "Macbeth." His powerful voice has already smashed four seats in the gallery.

Virginia Marshall and Ruth Geno have written a book, "Man and Ways to Catch Him." This book is known as the "Vampire's Bible."

Dorothy Adams, Ida LaCrosse, Alma Aronson, Ida Littlefield, Mildred Ormsby, Alice Sears, Sylvia Lavine, Bertha Morehouse, are running Wanamaker's largest department store, being the first women to accomplish this feat without the aid of man.

Handley's Idle Hour has been turned over to Tom Cassidy. Tom is being assisted by James Menten and George Millard. He figures no one would suspect what kind of a place he was running with those boys working for him.

Marguerite Desmarais, mindful that Mary Norton had good luck on the same job, has taken up her duties as Mr. Abbott's secretary.

Bill Pond is undecided as to whether he will assume the manager-ship of that famous Shakespearean Comedy, "Ten Nights in One Bar,"

or tone up Gene Sarazen's crown. He has already signed up Gladys Blanchard, Hazel Burdick, and Vivian Hewitt for his ballet, so will probably stick to show work.

Harry Connor, Raymond Moulton, Weston Smith and Robert Wheeler have combined in running a shoe store. Business is picking up.

Edward Risdon and Ed. Carrigan have opened a paint shop. They intend to paint the scenery for Bill Pond's production of "Twelfth Night."

Fred Taylor is a model for Arrow collars.

Dorothy Sawyer is holding sway over District School No. 12.

Helen Smith still does her daily dozen. Her pupils have performed even better than the Dennis-Shaw dances.

Charlotte Williams still aims toward high marks. Her family now numbers thirty.

Beulah Belland is now teaching elocution. Many of her pupils are developing a lisp.

Olive Ball is demonstrating a great mind in a little body by developing a new form of X-ray.

Ethel Palmer and Temple Russell—

Well now, Ethel.

Well, dear me, Temple.

Bob Marshall, now called "Doc," is a great man with the ladies. Skinney Shanahan, you would never know him. He has broadened out in all ways and quite contradicts his former nickname.

Paul McGarry toots the cornet with the same old vim.

Hilda Mintzer. Oh see that, that's my Eddie way up there.

Howley & Company have a new partner. William Kelley is a coming young man.

Charles DonLeavy has taken up the guiding reins of Liz Davison's Act, the world's champion lady bareback rider.

Flanagan and Carrigan have just formed the Yiddish Theatre Corporation.

Rachel Mudge is a member of the Wellesley Daisy chain.

"Flos" Lockerby has assumed the directorship of girls' athletics in a large school in Boston. Florence does her work with the spirit that made her stand out in High School.

Paul Willard has been proclaimed as the coming young eye specialist of the day.

Paul Cady and Dot Kirk have embarked on the stormy seas of matrimony. We hope they don't get sea-sick.

Axel Sjostrom has made a feature in rendering Christie's well known song, "Yes, we have no Bananas."

We the Class of 1924 leave our most cherished possessions to the underclassmen, as follows

Helen Kent and Lena Newman have just given a recital, both vocal and instrumental, at the Illinois Conservatory.

Maryon Storms still presides at the K. of P.

John Lanzillo is now appearing in Barnum and Bailey Circus as the strong man, and while other men tear one pack of cards John breaks up a whole poker game.

Elwin Blue is still running in his stride. As yet he has kept out of jail.

Francis Vargas is a great forester working with Bob Tracy in Vermont.

John Lanahan still keeps up his record of being late for his hold on bachelorhood is just beginning to weaken.

At the close of the seance I felt myself overcome by the knowledge of such wonderful things. I crept away to consider them deeply and as my brain recovered from the strain I realized that fate was to lead us along the paths we have already entered.

JAMES RICE

CLASS WILL, 1924

Alma Aronson and Mildred Ormsby will their speed in type-writing to Ann Hanley.

Frances Baldwin bequeaths to her ~~next~~ younger sister, Jeanette, the front porch, since M. K. Smith is soon to depart from school.

Olive Ball leaves her job as school chauffeur to Pauline Billado, who has quite a trade started already.

Beulah Belland wills her art of being an actress to Marguerite Ladabouche.

Dorothy Adams, Gladys Blanchard and Thelma Humphreys bequeath their place in the chorus to such unfortunate freshmen who want it.

Marguerite Desmarais leaves her position as 5th or 6th assistant to the principal to Edith Robinson.

Dorothy Fifield wills her quiet way to Mildred Mahar.

Ruth Fisk and Dorothy Sawyer leave their habit, which is studying, to Jack Conant.

Alice Gates bequeaths her lingo to Audrey St. Claire.

Marjorie Geno wills to Heavy Dye her red hair so that she can always have it when two white horses come along.

Ruth Geno leaves her walk to Mable Rice.

Charlotte Williams, Margaret Hunt, Rachel Mudge and Vivian Hewitt bequeath their knowledge of Latin to Anna Newman.

Helen Kent leaves Ernie Reed, which is saying a good deal.

Dorothy Kirk wills her love for the teachers to Lucy Gooding.

Ida LaCrosse bequeaths her acquaintance with Proctor people to anyone desiring to increase his or her circle of friends.

Sylvia Lavine leaves to Stanley Perry her knowledge of Texas.

Ida Littlefield wills her "petitness" to Dick Ryan.

Florence Lockerby bequeaths her art of tennis to Robert Allen.

Ruth MacGillivray wills her poetical ability to Ruth Bourquin.

Virginia Marshall leaves her bottle of peroxide to Anna Walker.

Marion Merrill leaves her parking space in Room 4 to Mike and Grace.

Hilda Mintzer wills her knowledge of French to Arthur Olson.

Lena Newman bequeaths to Marcia Puckridge her musical art.

Ethel Palmer wills her method of articulation to Budge Smith.

Laura Powers wills the use of her Ford to Max Valiquette.

Alice Sears bequeaths her knowledge of marble at the Temple Brothers to Addie Brown.

Helen Smith leaves her height to Jimmy Connelly.

Arlene Squiers wills her battling abilities to Frances Howley.

Mabel Stearns bequeaths the Managership to her successor in the Junior Class.

Ed. Kerrigan leaves his fondness for drugs to "Liza" McClallen.

Arthur Kavanaugh leaves his new set of abbreviated synonyms to the Webster Dictionary.

Ernest Lamb leaves his knowledge of how to best spend 5 cents and ten cents acquired at the Woolworth Company to Carlton Burditt.

Arthur Cox leaves his position as big noise in the Rutland Band to "Noisy" O'Rourke.

Harry Conner leaves his secretarial duties in the Class of 1924 well done.

Paul Cady leaves his job as first assistant to Henry Hostler to Gordon Prouse.

Raymond Cutler leaves his habit of taking all of Mr. Bump's sealing wax as a substitute for gum to next year's Chemistry class.

Maryon Storms leaves her oversight of K. P. activities to Ken Lockerby.

John Lanahan leaves his tardiness to Jane Olney.

Elizabeth Davison wills her ability as a bare-back rider to Trooper Hagan.

H. Beane leaves her hydrostatics and her allegory on the banks of the Nile to all users of a perfect vocabulary.

Marvin Bixby and Carl Maxham leave their pugilism to the U. S. Army for use in future wars.

T. Cassidy, E. Blue and C. DonLeavy leave their fleet-footedness to such young men as W. Olson who desire to be in by the curfew.

James Rice leaves his complete edition of the Jesse James series to Stetson Edmunds.

Bill Reardon wills his contract with the Wrigley Chewing Gum Co. to Francis Billado.

John Lanzillo leaves his uncompleted dancing lessons to Harry Franzoni.

Bill Pond leaves his barnyard pool ability to Howard Pierce.

Temple Russell leaves his phenomenal feet to Mr. Bump for use in future Biology classes.

Mark Eaton leaves his moustache to the Fuller Brush Co.

Fred Taylor and Paul Willard, radio wizards, leave their station S. O. S. to Charles Beale and others who have fallen into the turbulent sea of Love.

Raymond Moulton, Walter Nott, Ed. Risdon and A. Sjoström leave their quiet manner to the Freshman Class.

Weston Smith leaves his white golf socks to Peter Bove.

Roy Davenport leaves his bashfulness to Bob MacGillivray.

Bob Tracy, Robert Wheeler and George Millard leave their pledge which includes the phrase never to kiss a girl, to Tubby Dorion.

Sam Howard, Bob Marshall and Leon Morse leave their collegiate legs to Grant Prouse, who now says that he is going to college.

"Jake" Fuller leaves his job of sheiking the girls in Brattleboro to A. Bellerose.

Bill Kelley leaves his job as model at Howley & Co. to John Bove.

James Menten leaves his ability to dope out Physics problems to "Hank" Sawyer.

Francis Vargas leaves his love for the trees to Joe Bloomberg.

Hazel Burdick, Mildred Hastings, Marion Morganson and Bertha Morehouse leave their love for the boys to Jeanette Freedom.

Francis Flanagan, Paul McGarry, Ed. McGarry and John Shanahan leave their memberships in the Sinn Fein to John Hinchey, Charles Reardon, Bill Dugan and Bob Levins.

JOSEPH RADIGAN

CLASS ELECTIONS

1. Best looking boy—Fred Taylor, Bob Marshall.
Best looking girl—Ethel Palmer, Frances Baldwin.
2. Best athlete, boy—Jim Rice, Bill Reardon.
Best athlete, girl—Tie between Florence Lockerby and Elizabeth Davison.
3. One who has done most for class, boy—Milford Smith.
One who has done most for class, girl—Harriet Beane.
4. Best student, boy—Arthur Kavanaugh.
Best student, girl—Charlotte Williams.
5. Wittiest boy—Milford Smith, Bill Pond.
Wittiest girl—Elizabeth Davison, Florence Lockerby.
6. Largest boy—John Lanzillo.
Largest girl—Thelma Humphreys.
7. Thinnest boy—John Shanahan.
Thinnest girl—Ruth MacGillivray.
8. Tallest boy—Paul Cady.
Tallest girl—Helen Smith.
9. Shortest boy—Paul McGarry.
Shortest girl—Olive Ball.
10. Girl most popular with boys—Ethel Palmer.
Boy most popular with girls—Joseph Radigan.
11. Best boy dancer—Fred Taylor.
Best girl dancer—Harriet Beane.
12. Best dressed fellow—Bob Marshall.
Best dressed girl—Gin Marshall.
13. Best bluffer, boy—Roy Davenport.
Best bluffer, girl—Virginia Marshall.
14. Noisiest boy—John Lanzillo.
Noisiest girl—Lib Davison.
15. Quietest boy—Charles DonLeavy.
Quietest girl—Vivian Hewitt.
16. Class vamp—Ruth Geno, Arlene Squiers.
Class sheik—Joe Shanahan, M. K. Smith.
17. One who thinks the most of himself—Roy Davenport.
One who thinks the most of herself—Ruth Geno.

18. Chronic gum chewer, boy—Bill Reardon.
Chronic gum chewer, girl—Arlene Squiers.
19. Always tardy, boy—John Lanahan.
Always tardy, girl—Mabel Stearns.
20. Worst giggler, boy—Mark Eaton.
Worst giggler, girl, Ethel Palmer.
21. Best sport, boy—Bill Reardon.
Best sport, girl—Ruth MacGillivray.
22. Best singer, boy—Joe Radigan, Milford Smith.
Best singer, girl—Thelma Humphreys.
23. Best actor—Roy Davenport.
Best actress—Harriet Beane.
24. Hard boiled—Junk Rice and Helen Smith.
25. Neatest boy—Joe Shanahan.
Neatest girl—Frances Baldwin.

PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS

Milford Smith

Classmates and Friends:

As I have had the honor of serving as president to the class of '24 for the past two years it falls to my lot this evening to give our farewell to the school. The humorous side of our school life and graduation has already been given. It is but right that we should consider the more serious side of this subject.

To-night we are the Senior Class of Rutland High School. At this time next week our class will have passed into school history. For four years we have been united, our thoughts and ambitions the same. Collected into one body we composed the class of '24. But now our ties and associations are to be broken forever. We can never again cheer a R. H. S. team and call it ours.

As I think of our school years I realize that we are a large class, not only in body, but in number, spirit and ability. Not an exceptional class in scholarship, perhaps, and yet we have among our number many fine students, and our honor rolls have led other classes.

In athletics and the various forms of school activities we have been a class above the average. Our class has always held the highest positions in the school teams and in the other activities of the school. We pride ourselves that no class has a better record than ours. We prove it is unbeaten.

We feel a deep gratitude to-night to our fathers and mothers, who have sacrificed that we might learn. We have a debt that we can never repay to Mr. Abbott and the faculty who have accomplished the task of transforming us from green freshmen to grave seniors. I know the class is with me when I say the faculty of Rutland High School stands head and shoulders above that of any other school.

We envy you lower classmen in your years to come here. We may have scoffed at you at times, but a Senior just has to show that he is a Senior. However we are all for you just the same and we want you to know it.

We have done our best for the school. Personally we think we have done well. But from now on it is you who must keep alive the glories and the honor of R. H. S. Rutland High School has always borne a proud name; you must keep it so. Do your best for the old school and the class of '24 wishes you all the luck there is.

And now we must say farewell. By this time next year our class will be scattered far and near. Some of us are already starting on a man's work in a man's world; others of us will commence a higher educational cycle. But the result is the same. Our band is broken. Our class will be dissolved.

I hope we may re-unite at some future time but whether we do or not let us endeavor to be an honor to our class and school. May our school never have cause to be ashamed of us.

For though we graduate this week in body and apparently can never be again under-graduates of this school, it seems to me that in memory and spirit we can never graduate but will always be members of this school where we have spent our happiest days.



1924

Dorothy Adams

Business Course

Honors; Chorus; Base Ball Fair Committee; Typewriting Award.

"Dot," tho a quiet sort makes a loyal and staunch friend. She is one of those rare individuals who accomplish a lot and don't publish the fact.

Alma Aronson

Business Course

Honors; Chorus; Typewriting Award.

A quiet little miss but well liked by all. She believes that "A smile will go a long, long way."

Frances Baldwin

College Course

Honors; Chorus; Vice-President, '23.

Fran believes in precedents (pronounced presidents). Seriously Fran is one of our finest and we prophesy popularity at "Midd."

Olive Ball

College Course

Honors; Chorus; R. H. S., Show '21; Honor Roll.

Good things come in small quantities, we say. Olive is admired and well liked by us. How can we help it?

Harriet Beane

College Course

Honors; Chorus; Vice-President '24; Freshman Reception; Senior Play.

"Beany" is the executive of '24. When she is at the helm, things run smoothly. As an actress, no one surpasses her and we'll never forget Mrs. Malaprop. Popularity is certainly Hattie's middle name.

Beulah Belland

College Course

Honors; Chorus; Base Ball Fair.

A clever kid with an adorable lisp!

Gladys Blanchard

College Course

Honors; Base Ball Fair.

Not very noisy but well worth knowing!

Hazel Burdick

College Course

Honors; Honor Roll.

Many a rose is born to blush unseen!

Elizabeth Davison

Business Course

Honors; Typewriting Award; Base Ball Fair; Basket Ball; Honor Roll.

"Lib" is our best athlete. Nobody can stop her on the court. Pep personified!

James Rice

College Course

Football Captain '23; Team '21, '22, '23, '24; Basket Ball Captain, '22; Track '21, '22, '23; Manager, Baseball Fair; Freshman Reception; Class Prophecy.

"Jim" is undoubtedly our best athlete. He is the original hard guy and Juniors shudder when he passes. Jim has done as much for R. H. S., as anybody we can think of. Popular? Don't make us laugh!

Jim deserves a page to himself but then you all know him anyway.

Helen Kent

College Course

Honors; Chorus; Base Ball Fair; "Beantown Choir."

Our "Mozart" and a very popular senior. We have heard it said that sometimes she's in earnest. Whatever college she chooses, Helen will be a valuable addition.

Dorothy Kirk

College Course

Honors; Honor Roll; "Beantown Choir."

"Dot" is always around when there's work to be done. A loyal member of '24!

Ida La Crosse

Commercial Course

Honors; Typewriting Award.

To our sorrow, this girl is not very widely known. Her friends, however, tell us she is well worth knowing. We *do* know that she's a loyal backer of R. H. S.

Sylvia Lavine

College Course

Honors; Honor Roll.

A new addition to '24, this year and yet a staunch and loyal supporter of R. H. S.—always backing the cheer leaders.

William Kelley

Business Course

Chorus, '22, '23, '24.

"Bill" is our well known "soprano-base" singer. He is a working business man already. His feet are always seen at our best dances. Bill has a sarcastic line but maybe he'll outgrow it.

John Lanzillo

College Course

Football '22, '23, '24; Track '22, '23, '24; Football Captain '24; Baseball Fair Committee '24.

"Wop" is our biggest, best natured fellow. He's a terror to our rivals in football and a Hercules with the discus. Johnny is noted for his curly hair and sunny smile. We never saw John mad and we hope we never do as he would probably wreck the surrounding country. Johnny is a great athlete and a great fellow.

Robert Marshall

College Course

Football '24; Basket Ball Squad '23; Senior Play.

"Bob" is our most promising sheik. But the girls seem to tire him—or else his heart's somewhere else. He is a regular line plunger on the gridiron—he has a terrible line anyhow. He's a peach of a fellow but don't ever trust him with your girl; those blue eyes with light hair are very dangerous at times.

Edward McGarry

Business Course

"Ed" is the other one of the famous McGarry twins. He's quiet, girls, but he has a lot of fun. We have heard the rumor that his hair is turning gray from over study. Is it possible!

Charles DonLeavy

Business Course

Track '22, '23, '24; Football Squad.

Charlie is a modest violet but he's a prince all the way through. He is good-natured to a fault. He's a worker too as anyone who has seen the growth of our city streets can testify. The girls haven't got Charlie yet but we are doubtful of the future.

Robert Fuller

Business Course

Football '24; Track '23, '24; Basket Ball Squad.

Here, ladies and gentlemen, we have gentleman "Jake." He has not accepted the post of President of the Anti-tobacco Society but it is thought he will. "Jake" is a whale of a good athlete and of good fellows. Yes, he's the lanky guy with "Big John" over there.

Samuel Howard

Business Course

Football Squad '23; Basket Ball Squad '24; Track '23, '24.

Sam is a wonderful composition. He's a mixture of athlete, dance hall sheik, and cowboy. He is equally at home at a party or a bear hunt. Sam is training, we think, for a Bill Hart job in the movies but you never can tell.

Arthur Kavanaugh

College Course

Debating Team '23, '24; Valedictorian; Class debate '22; Honor Roll; Memorial Day Address '22.

Art is our star student. He will be a college president yet or we miss our guess. Art can "orate" also, as he has shown us many times. Yes, he's showing Mrs. Statham her mistake. To Arthur the Honor Roll is a habit.

Raymond Cutler

College Course

Base Ball Squad '24; Class Historian; Honor Roll.

Ray is the lad with a hearty laugh and a dancing disposition. If he can't think of something funny to say himself, he will willingly laugh at someone else's wise crack. Ray is a nimble Nimrod also, not only in the woods but on the dancing floor.

Roy Davenport

College Course

Football '24; Basket Ball '24; Base Ball Fair '23, '24; Class debate '22, '23; Senior Play; Honor Roll; Chorus '21, '22, '23, '24.

Roy is one of the quiet lads—not! If you endeavor to find the center of a group of giggling lassies you will find Roy in his element. Roy is a second Jefferson and Caruso combined. He is a charter member of the sheiks but he flutters from flower to flower.

George Millard

Business Course

Honors; Orchestra '21, '22, '23, '24.

George's favorite remark is "Mark!" He is a wicked man with a violin bow and is at times really witty. He's another one of those little fellows, but remember Napoleon.

Leon Morse

College Course

Foot Ball squad '22.

"Skinny" is a dance hound and speed king. We are told he is the coming Gnat-Weight Champion. "Skinny" looks to be without energy but he's a surprise. Yes, he's really quite a lady-killer, too.

Raymond Moulton

Business Course

"Ray" is bashful but he has a laugh that makes up for it. He's a "Dick dead eye" with a gun. Rumor has it that the Clarendon Grange is his favorite Friday night resort. We are in doubt whether he is a sheik but we have suspicions.

Walter Nott

Business Course

Walter is as silent as the rocks of Vermont. He is a trapper of no mean ability and is one of Mr. Bump's most aspiring chemists. Walter's idea of an ideal day is a gun, a dog, and a few hundred rabbits.

William Pond

College Course

Manager Senior Play; Exchange Editor of "Red and White"; Honor Roll; Winner of Harvard Book Prize.

"Bill" has a face of a saint but his actions belie his looks. He is one of our most promising writers. He's a fiend for work and the coming golf champion. The girls cast their eyes at "Billie" in vain for he prefers a fly-rod to a flapper. Some day we expect Dr. Pond will be the leading "saw-horse" of the country.

Joseph Radigan

College Course

Football '24; Basket Ball '23, '24; Track Manager '24; Senior Play; Base Ball Fair; Chorus '21, '22, '23, '24.

"Joe" is the possessor of a terrific tenor voice, curly locks, manly figure and athletic ability not to mention his stock of native wit. Saying this, we don't need to add he is a wonderful fellow and popular with the girls. No, he doesn't live on Burnham Avenue. Notre Dame is lucky to get Joe and we know he'll be a credit to R. H. S.

William Reardon

College Course

Basket Ball Captain '24; Championship Track Team's Captain '24; Football Manager '23; Senior Play; Base Ball Fair.

"Bill" is the captain of the R. H. S. Track team. He's funny as a silk hat and holds the gum-chewing title. "Bill" is an athlete, actor, and a terror with the ladies. He's about as popular as a fellow can be and yet his head is normal. The school will miss Bill.

Edward Kerrigan

Business Course

If you see a scientific face peering from between the "Alkomb" bottles in Lassar's Pharmacy you'll know it's Ed. He believes in learning the trade young.

Ernest Lamb

Business Course

"Cherry" is a great frequenter of ballrooms, and is a marvellous toe dancer. To the uninitiated he is just a big, red-haired, "poker" faced brute; but, watch out girls!

John Lanahan

College Course

Honors; Honor Roll.

John is our little prodigy of learning. It is rumored that Mrs. Jacobs has already turned over her American History class to him. John's awe inspiring mastery of the English language has caused many a young girl to leave home.

Paul McGarry

College Course

Honors; Senior Play; Base Ball '24; Orchestra.

Paul is an adorable little boy. Heretofore "Hercules" McGarry has been an obscure character in the school, but his debut in the Senior Play revealed the comedian that he really is. "Pauly" is a clever blower (on the cornet).

James Menten

Commercial Course

Honors; Honor Roll.

Jim is known as the mechanical wonder. Altho he works in a tin can factory he is no oil can. We expect great things of Jim's inventive ability.

Marvin Bixby

Business Course

Marvin is a quiet fellow, always on hand when there is work to be done. His laugh is the biggest part of him. We suspect that Marvin is at the bottom of many of the pranks in school, for which others are blamed, but his innocent face and childlike demeanor always allay suspicion.

Thomas Cassidy

Business Course

Honors; Football 'Squad' '22; Track '24.

Tom is a product of the old sod. We feel sure that Tom could be a regular "Sheik" if he only tried; but his sense of modesty has always been stronger than the female lure.

Arthur Cox

Business Course

Honors: Orchestra.

Art is primarily a musician, and is a typical "good fellow." When you see a little sawed-off fellow with a freckled face and a big wide grin, you may know it's Art. From all indications Art is due to make himself heard in the musical world, and will continue to make many a young heart flutter.

Mark Eaton

College Course

Mark will long be remembered in the annals of the High School of Rutland, and of the surrounding towns, as the man who introduced and made popular that species of facial adornment known as a mustache. A surprisingly short time after this first big success, Mr. Eaton also developed and perfected "sideboards." If you happen to see a likable Bolshevik, don't be alarmed for it's only Mark.

Francis Flanagan

College Course

Honors; Class Debating Team '23; Senior Play '24; Honor Roll.

"Ducky" would make an ideal butler but we are afraid that he will never have the chance as his keen sense of humor would be liable to carry him away at inopportune moments.

Helen Smith

General Course

Honors; Chorus; Base Ball Fair.

We all know Helen as the "Candy Kid." When it comes to the art of fudge-making she can put it all over the C. C. C. And phonographs aren't in her line if you get our meaning.

Arlene Squier

Commercial Course

Honors; Chorus; Typewriting Award.

"Battling" has a big heart despite her small size. Witness her ever present crew of swains. And as for popularity—(ask Mr. Phillips)

Mabel Stearns

College Course

Honors; "Red and White" '24; Base Ball Fair; Honor Roll; Chorus; Board of Managers of Senior Play.

Here's to Mabe, a peach of a fellow. There's no crape hanging on her door, when it comes to popularity. Rumor tells us that Mabe aspires to the laurel wreath. A follower of Omar, you know. In our estimation, Mabe swings a wicked Cadillac.

Maryon Storms

Commercial Course

Honors; Honor Roll; Typewriting Award; Base Ball Fair.

Maryon is our idea of a good sport. She's always on hand when there's work to be done and when it comes to brain work, she isn't so slow.

Charlotte Williams

College Course

Honors; Honor Roll; Senior Motto Committee.

Charlotte disproves the old saying that Beauty and Brains are not close friends. Castleton Normal will be a lucky institution and we prophesy great things in store for Charlotte.

Marion Merrill

Marion is not what she seems! Scandal! "Still waters run deep," says some noted philosopher. We believe him when we observe how anxious Marion looks every noon.

Ruth MacGillivray

College Course

Honors; Senior Play, Class Poet, Salutatorian.

Ruth is a leading lady in more ways than one. She has a no slight talent for acting, along with salutatorian honors and yet she is a social shining light. We lean back to inquire how do you do it Ruth!

Virginia Marshall

College Course

Honors; Base Ball Fair.

"Gin" is the other part of the Kent-Marshall combination. She is the possessor of a tongue that is either apt to make you laugh with side-splitting dangers or else you feel as if you had been run through the washing machine. As a decorator and dancer "Gin" takes the honors. Yes, we do like our Western Suburbs, don't you?

Hilda Mintzer

General Course

Honors; Chorus; Baseball Fair.

Hilda is the original ivory tickler. Whenever she's around you know there's something doing. We only hope that in the future she'll be careful and not seek too high altitudes!

Bertha Morehouse General Course

Honors; Class Motto Committee.

We wonder what Bertha will do in the future. That's the question. All we can say is, that knowing Bertha, you'd be surprised!

Ida Littlefield Business Course

Honors; Typewriting award.

Ida is the giant of the class. Although she doesn't make much noise, we know she's right there.

Florence Lockerby College Course

Honors; Cheer Leader '24; Chorus; Orchestra; Honor Roll; Capt. '23, Manager '24 Basket Ball; Treasurer '24; Joke Editor "Red and White"; Debating-Class '23, School '24.

Here's a girl we like to write about and who needs no introduction. What would R. H. S. have been without "Floss"? Football, basketball and baseball without her clarion voice will never be the same after "Floss" has left us. We'll expect big things next year from "Floss" at "Midd."

Marion Morganson Commercial Course

Honors; Typewriting award; Baseball Fair.

Marion is a peach of a kid, full of fun and always ready for a good time. All in all, Marion is just a good sport.

Rachel Mudge College Course

Honors; Class Motto Committee.

Rachel is a quiet studious girl. Yes, she is one of those rare creatures, a quiet girl. We know Wellesley will be proud to welcome this bright young senior.

Lena Newman College Course

Honors; Chorus; Base Ball Fair.

Lena is the musical genius of our class. If you don't believe it just "happen around" some night when she's staging a recital and find out.

Mildred Ormsby Business Course

Honors; Base Ball Fair; Chorus.

"Milly" is the kind of a girl you don't very often find. She's never cross—always has a smile and a good word for everyone.

Ethel Palmer College Course

Honors; Honor Roll; Base Ball Fair; Senior Play.

To see her is to love her.

Ethel is the school favorite. Her disposition is as sunny as her hair and when she smiles—well she drives the blues away. If you don't believe us ask Temple.

Laura Powers College Course

Honors; Honor Roll; Baseball Fair.

Laura is another shining light when it comes to all around good sportsmanship. She has an infectious smile and is welcome everywhere. "Midd" is in for another bit of luck.

Dorothy Sawyer General Course

Honors; Honor Roll.

Dorothy may be quiet, but when the marks come in they speak for her, eloquently, too. Then her silence is golden.

Alice Sears Commercial Course

Honors; Honor Roll.

Sweet Alice is here, dimples and all. His name isn't Ben, though.

Ruth Geno Business Course

Honors; Chorus; Freshman Reception.

A maid with lots of pep, and sought by the "Hemales."

Mildred Hastings College Course

Honors; Honor Roll.

The girl with the contagious giggle!

Vivian Hewitt College Course

Honors; Honor Roll.

A veritable traveling library. Books and brains! Neither has Norman Rockwell anything on Vivian in the line of art.

Thelma Humphreys General Course

Honors; Chorus; Orchestra; "Beantown Choir."

Thelma picks a clever mandolin!

Margaret Hunt College Course

Honors; Honor Roll.

A shark in all subjects. We covet the "gray matter."

Marguerite Desmarais College Course

Honors; Chorus.

We prophesy a future congressional librarian from the class of '24!

Dorothy Fifield

College Course

Honors; Chorus; Senior Play.

The girl with the voice of a nightingale! Our Senior plays have been greatly aided by "Dot."

Ruth Fisk

College Course

Honors; Honor Roll.

One of the "luminations" of '24's Brains! And a jolly good fellow, too!

Alice Gates

College Course

Honors; Senior Play; Base Ball Fair.

Har! Har! in long loud resounding tones! Don't be alarmed, it's only "Gatesy" laughing. A "wit" and possessor of many friends.

Marjorie Geno

College Course

Honors; Chorus.

A quiet looking little girl but Oh My!

Elwin Blue

Business Course

Track '21, '23, '24; Foot Ball Squad '22, '23.

Elwin's name should have been "Blue streak" as that is what he resembles when the relay is run. Elwin is a plodder but he gets there. And yet at times and as we have said before he surprises everyone by tearing right along.

Harry Connor

Business Course

Class Secretary '24; Designer of R. H. S. Seal.

We're proud of the designer of the school seal. Harry, as well, is a business man thru and thru. He listens much but says little; when he does speak, however, he says something. Harry will be a Rockefeller one of these days.

Edward Risdon

Commercial Course

"Red" is one of those quiet fellows who always gets a laugh off the other fellow. He's a wonder at minding his own business and we prophesy that when he really enters into business life his red hair will be a torch that others will follow.

Temple Russell

College Course

Honors: Senior Play; Chorus, '21, '22, '23, '24; Base Ball Fair; "Red and White."

"Temp" is the dark shadow over there with the Class Beauty. "Temp" is a born driver, not only with cars, but in school activities. As a social favorite he has no equals and you couldn't ask for a better fellow at any time. Yes, we envy you just a little, Ethel.

Joseph Shanahan

Commercial Course

Manager Senior Play; Base Ball Team; Chorus.

Joe" was a welcomed addition to our school from the West Side. In the year he has been with us no fellow has done more for the class, or made himself a more popular fellow than Joe. Yes, that's he, Agnes the tall fellow doing the Argentine Tango. Ain't he grand?!

Axel Sjostrom

Commercial Course

Axel is the lad with the eternal grin. School work or just plain fun seem to amuse Axel equally. Axel is a plodder who gets thru, and a mighty cheerful one, too.

Robert Tracy

Commercial Course

"Bob" is our only specimen of a Burlington student. If they were all like him it would be a great school. But then he probably couldn't help coming from there. Bob is quiet in everything but clothes, to see the latest models just watch Bob.

Francis Vargas

College Course

Francis is an earnest young man. We really think he is bashful—something unusual these days. He's always on hand promptly for work or play and that's the main thing after all. Yes, he's another of our members from out of state who showed good sense in joining us.

Weston Smith

College Course

Honors; School Orchestra '21, '22, '23, '24.

Weston is the receiving end of the Eaton Broadcasting Station. Although he looks innocent we have reason to believe he's quite a boy with the ladies. We do know, however, that he takes the cake as a violinist.

Fred Taylor

College Course

Chorus '21, '22, '23, '24; Foot Ball Team '24; Senior Play; Base Ball Fair.

Fred is our best in the collar add line. He keeps the girlish hearts a-flutter most of the time. After the great Senior Play he is said to have received a pack of mash notes. But they don't turn Fred's head, we know he'd rather play football than post-office any day.

Robert Wheeler

Commercial Course

Honors; Chorus.

"Bob" is one of our rising young business men. If you want to get the latest on spring styles see Bob. He owns a genuine bass voice, a surprise in so mild a looking fellow. We expect Bob will be the big kick around some clothing company in the future.

Paul Willard

College Course

Honors; Orchestra '21, '22, '23, '24; Track Team '22, '23, '24.

Paul is one of those feather-like young men who lift themselves on a pole far over the heads of ordinary mortals. The difference of expression in his face when vaulting and when playing his violin is a study in contrasts. We fear that Paul is going to run Marconi out of business in the future.

DON'T DOUBT IT

The cook in a lumber camp came into a store one day and said, "I want some of that kind of berries that they use along Christmas time."

"Well, it can't be huckleberries, can it?" said the storekeeper.

"No, no, no, it ain't huckleberries."

"Well, is it gooseberries?"

"No, it ain't no bird berries."

"Well, is it cranberries?"

"Yes, why of course it is. Gimme fifty pounds."

So the clerk weighed out the fifty pounds. Meanwhile one of the onlookers got interested so he said, "Say, you old lunc, why do you want all those berries?"

"That's all right, I want 'em 'cause they make better apple sauce than prunes."

E. Holland (giving out words in match): "Spell physiology."

First Shining Light: "P-h-y-s-i-o-l-o-g-y."

E. Holland: "Wrong. Next."

Second Sparkler: "P-h-i-s-i-o-l-o-g-y."

E. Holland: "Wrong."

And so on down the line.

Then: "Let us look at the book."

"Oh, it's psychology."

Fade out for Earl.



SENIORS PRESENT "THE RIVALS" CREDITABLY

Produced with all accessories of costume and scenic investiture and showing long and careful preparation, Sheridan's immortal play, "The Rivals," pleased two admiring and sympathetic audiences at the Playhouse at the matinee and evening performances May 9.

The annual senior play of the high school has come to mean an amateur dramatic event of merit and enjoyment. This last effort was no exception, and the stiffness of the task seemingly had no terrors for Miss Nellie H. Newton's neophytes. The members of the cast took their parts well, and the occasion was a marked success.

Roy Davenport headed the cast and enacted the passionate, blustering, fire-eating father almost to perfection.

Fred Taylor filled the eye as a comely and traditional Captain Absolute. Milford Smith, the truculent and picturesque Sir Lucius O. Trigger, accomplished the author's purpose adequately. Temple Russell was a mooning, melancholy Faulkland, who enacted his part to perfection.

William Reardon, as the whimsical, boastful and pugnacious Bob Acres, together with Francis Flanagan, who played his part like that of a professional, polished actor, certainly filled the bill.

Robert Marshall as a dissenting David, and Paul McGarry as the boy made the most of few lines. Joseph Radigan ably impersonated a servant's part.

Harriet Beane was a delightful Mrs. Malaprop and enlivened her scenes not only with her entertaining absurdities of the part but with some spirited acting and sound comedy. Ruth MacGillivray, as the capricious and romantic Lydia Languish, Ethel Palmer, as the fashionable and lovely Julia, captured much favorable comment. Dorothy Fifield made a personal hit as Lucy the thrifty, scheming maid. Alice Gates was an un-named maid and did well in a small part.

The high school orchestra under the direction of Frank Phillips played between the acts and earned frequent applause. Mr. Ireland sang a couple of choruses which were enthusiastically encored.

The management of the play deserves a great deal of credit for the efficient manner in which the business end of it was conducted.

In all, the efforts of the directors, youthful actors, and musicians were decidedly creditable and were much praised by the audiences.

ALUMNI NOTES

"Miss Margaret Peck '25 of Rutland, Vermont has recently been elected president of the Student Government Association of Middlebury College. As this is the governing body of the co-educational part of the college, to be president is the highest office which any woman in the college may attain. Miss Peck has been exceptionally active in all activities during her stay in college. During the past year she has held the position of secretary of the Association and during her freshman year was her class representative on it. She is, at the present time, the president of the Panhellenic Council, also. She is a member of the Kappa Kappa Gamma sorority."

The above notice was received the other day from the office of The Press Club, Middlebury College, Middlebury, Vermont. Probably the majority of the students of R. H. S. have heard of Margaret or "Billy" Peck as she is more familiarly known. She graduated from R. H. S., in 1921. It is needless to say that as well as being one of the most popular and well liked girls of her class, "Billy" served as an idol to the younger girls. We who are seniors now were the only ones fortunate enough to be in high school with her. Then we were "little freshmen," almost too scared to call our souls our own and many a time "Billy" cheerfully straightened out tangles in our earlier days and brightened our paths. Surely we of the Rutland High School are proud to acknowledge that we have such an alumna and we extend our sincere congratulations to "Billy."

Thomas A. Steward, was elected secretary of the Worcester Polytechnic Institute Musical Association recently. Steward, who is a sophomore at the Worcester engineering college, is taking the course in mechanical engineering and is a member of the Lambda Chi Alpha Fraternity. He graduated from Rutland High School in 1922.

Paul Collins, a member of the class of 1925 at Fordham University, New York City, has been elected president of the Fordham Athletic Association. He graduated from Rutland High School in 1921. Undoubtedly Paul is just another one of the class of 1921 to make good. Even in high school he showed the signs of his future popularity as he was elected president of the graduating class four years ago.

Miss Jessie Chase, a student at the Good Samaritan Hospital, Troy, N. Y., was recently elected president of the freshman class of which she is a member. She graduated from Rutland High School in 1923.

EXCHANGES

AS OTHERS SEE US

The Red and White, Rutland Let's see, "The Red and White," Rutland, Vt. Yours is such an enjoyable paper and so complete. It lacks only in the number of its cuts. "The Dial," Brattleboro, Vt.

In this, the last issue of "The Red and White," we gratefully acknowledge all of the Exchanges received throughout the year, and can truthfully say that we have enjoyed every one of them. We sincerely hope that our friends will be with us again next year.

- "The Exeter Comet," High School, Exeter, New Hampshire.
- "The Lewis and Clark Journal," High School, Spokane, Wash.
- "Tech News," Worcester Polytechnic Institute, Worcester, Mass.
- "The X-Ray," Sacramento High School, Sacramento, California.
- "The Spy," Mamaroneck High School, Mamaroneck, N. Y.
- "The Blue and White," Danby High School, Danby, Vermont.
- "The Clarion," Fair Haven High School, Fair Haven, Vermont.
- "The Phoenix," Montpelier Seminary, Montpelier, Vermont.
- "The Chronicle," Troy Conference Academy, Poultney, Vermont.
- "The Spaulding Sentinel," Spaulding High School, Barre, Vermont.
- "The Saxonian," Middlebury College, Middlebury, Vermont.
- "The Opinator," Wyoming Seminary, Kingston, Pennsylvania.
- "The Volunteer," Concord High School, Concord, New Hampshire.
- "The Patriot," Leavenworth High School, Leavenworth, Kansas.
- "Hi-Spirit," Enosburg Falls High School, Enosburg Falls, Vermont.
- "The Oracle," Manatee County High School, Bradentown, Florida.
- "The Vermont Pioneer," Vermont State School of Agriculture, Randolph Center, Vermont.
- "Star of the North," Virginia High School, Virginia, Minnesota.
- "High School Record," Montpelier High School, Montpelier, Vermont.
- "The Register," Burlington High School, Burlington, Vermont.

"The Norwich Guidon," Norwich University, Northfield, Vermont.
 "The Oracle," Gloversville High School, Gloversville, N. Y.
 "The Hardwickian," Hardwick High School, Hardwick, Vermont.
 "The Volcano," Hornell High School, Hornell, N. Y.
 "The Madison Mirror," Central High School, Madison, Wisconsin.
 "The Vermont Cynic," University of Vermont, Burlington, Vt.
 "The Dial," Brattleboro High School, Brattleboro, Vermont.
 "Boston University News," Boston University, Boston, Mass.
 "The Lion," La Grange, Ill.
 "The Reveille," Waterbury High School, Waterbury, Vermont.
 "The Spencerian Owl," 3201 Euclid Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.
 "The Alpha," New Bedford High School, New Bedford, Mass.
 "The Panorama," Binghampton C. H., Binghampton, N. Y.

"Temp" Russell (to boy friend): "Ethel looks like a million to-night."

Friend: "Yes, but she's only eighteen."

"Papa, buy me a pair of pumps. I'm going to the firemen's ball."

Pauline: "Yes, I know every speed trap in the road. In fact, here's one here," she said as a motorcycle drew along side.

God created all things that creep and crawl including Burlington.

ADVERTISEMENT: All those desiring coaching in hand-holding can receive same free in 4th period French class from Miss Hendee and Horace Yarrington.

Mike Beane: "My girl dances like the devil."

Bove: "What a pair you must make."

Dr.: "Well, Cassidy, have you any temperature?"

Cassidy: "No, the nurse took it."

Well, girls, you've got to admit that Adam didn't lie when he told Eve she was the first woman he ever liked.

ATHLETICS

R. H. S. TRACK TEAM WINS STATE CHAMPIONSHIP

With dubious hopes, but inflamed with the old fighting spirit the track athletes departed for Burlington, May 23, and arrived shortly before noon of that day.

The preliminaries to the finals were held on Centennial Field, Burlington, and began at 2 o'clock. In the different events Rutland qualified men to the number of 17. The hopes of victory were sent soaring and the boys prepared to do or die the following morning.

Saturday dawned bright and clear and the firing of the pistol in the hundred yard final opened one of the closest track meets ever held for the State Championship. Brattleboro and Burlington, with sure first place winners, soon took the lead but the seconds and thirds and the old steady plugging of the entire Rutland team, soon put them on equal terms.

Finally came the relay with Brattleboro $4\frac{1}{2}$ points ahead of Rutland and Burlington 4 points back of Rutland. By one of the greatest heart-rending finishes, Capt. Reardon, anchor man for Rutland, nosed out Capt. Horrigan of Burlington and clinched the meet and the second State Championship for Rutland in two years.

R. H. S. WINS BRATTLEBORO MEET

Fresh after their U. V. M., meet the R. H. S., track squad accompanied by Coach Kingsley, Trainer Rice, and Manager Radigan left for Brattleboro, May 30, in the endeavor to bring back more laurels to add to their deservedly won State Championship. Were the boys successful? The score certainly tells the full caliber of the R. H. S. track team.

Although Marten, of Brattleboro was out of the meet it is doubtful if he could have offset the fine running of Bellerose, Fuller and Lewis, for these three stars certainly ran their best. The performance of the three Rutland men in the mile,—Pierce, DonLeavy, and Capt. Reardon all finishing, in the order named, was noteworthy. The team as a whole performed magnificently, but it was particularly fine to see John

Lanzillo make his record breaking throw in the discus. It was a beautiful sailer, and Lanzillo deserves great praise for his work, not only in the Bratteboro meet, but in all the meets in which he has taken part.

The track season for 1924 has ended and it has certainly been successful. Great credit should be given to Coach Kingsley for his sterling coaching and to Captain William Reardon who led all the boys to victory. It is only fitting to say that the 1924 track team is one of the best turned out by R. H. S.

BASEBALL

Owing to the use of Saint Peters Field by the Vermont, Ontario and Quebec league, the High School was unable to find a field on which to practice. In spite of this draw-back we succeeded in winning two out of the three games played.

The first, played at the home grounds of the Fair Haven High School, resulted in a win for Rutland by a 21 to 14 score. In the early part of the game, Fair Haven succeeded in getting a ten run lead, but the old fighting spirit of Rutland showed itself and Rutland overcame the lead in the fifth inning and emerged from the fray victorious.

The return game was played at Rutland the following Tuesday. Both teams showed a vast improvement each playing a snappy brand of ball. Again Rutland proved its mettle winning by the close score of 7 to 6.

Two weeks later the High School lads journeyed to Windsor where they met their first defeat of the season by a 6 to 0 score. It was in this contest that Rutland showed its lack of practice.

There remain but two games left to play this year and we know that although they have had the greatest difficulty in finding places and time to practice they will come through with flying colors and make another successful season for R. H. S.



JOKES

WISE ONES

It's a cinch that it's a waste of time to hang a mistletoe in a girls' school.

What two nations fought in the Spanish-American war?

What was the color of George Washington's white horse?

We wonder why it is that a pencil always wears its rubbers on its head and that although a typewriter hasn't any doors it has so many keys.

Bo: "You look sick. What's the trouble?"

Joe: "Oh, I caught cold riding a draft horse."

OH!

I kissed her on her lovely lips—

The lovely little critter,

But entre lips there may be slips,

And so she thought I bit'er.

—Journey's End.

O'Bie (in geometry): "Have any of you got a string in your pockets?"

C. Dye: "I haven't any string but I've got a line."

Riff: "Wonder why they call that street Seabury Avenue?"

Raff: "Dunno, sounds fishy."

Tiff: "If a fellow calls up a girl what kind of a line is that?"

Taff: "A party line, naturally."

"Please marry me, please," breathed the young man. "Oh, you must marry me."

He stood on the porch of a large house—such it seemed in the moonlight.

"Just a minute."

So saying she dashed into the house. The young man paced the porch and finally dashed to his car from which came gurgling sounds which might be this or that.

"Mr. Burton."

Out of the car he jumped and up the steps he went for the fourth time.

"Yes, I'll marry you, but 2:30 is a terrible hour to ask any minister to marry us. Why it's all I can do to get the servants up as witnesses."—Beanpot.

Warning—Now that Beale is working at Bingham's be sure and order articles on the first shelf. They're easier to get.

Temple Russell: "Say, I know where you can get a reel meal for twenty cents."

Joe Radigan: "Where?"

Temple Russell: "Why, at the pictures of course."

"Fran" Howley: "I haven't seen "Hank" for a long time. What do you suppose he is doing?"

"Gin" Marshall: "Probably thirty days."

Little rows of zeros,
Not so very quaint,
Make our graduation
Look as though it ain't.

Said a young cadet
To his Juliet,
"I'm like a ship at sea.
Exams are near,
'Tis much fear
That I will busted be."
"Oh, no," quoth she,
"A shore I'll be;
Come rest. Our journey's o'er."
Then silence fell,
And all was well,
For the ship had hugged the shore.

Mr. Bump: "I wish I had a class that could keep still at least a minute if such a thing were possible."

Hagan: "Well, maybe we could if you'd muzzle Smith."

Helen Kent: "Look at those kittens, aren't they lambs?"

Ernest Reed: "More like ducks, I should say."

Being shooed away is no fun when her pa wears mates to my shoes.

Mother to her little boy: "Where did Daddy paddle you?"
"On the back of the seat, Mother."

"That's the guy I'm laying for," said the hen as the farmer went by.

Dear Madame Magpie:

Do you think there is any need of my worrying? "Ted" hasn't written to me for three days.

Edith Phillips.

Dear Edith:

Don't let that worry you. Perhaps he's turned a new leaf and is studying for "exams."

Madame Magpie.

Dear Madame Magpie:

Will you please tell me how I can get Ray Franzoni back?

Caroline Pratt.

Dear Caroline:

We usually refer such matters to Charley Reardon. His telephone number is—. But what's the use, you probably know.

Madame Magpie.

We understand that when Pierce returned from Burlington he stopped in Kidder's Lunch at Middlebury and actually consumed a bottle of Blue Label Ketchup.

He: "How would you like a lyre to play with?"
She: "Oh, John, this is so sudden."

Mr. Bump: "I'm tempted to give a test."
Davenport: "Yield not to temptation."

Radigan: "I think grammar is a cinch, Mother. I know all about singular and plural."

Mother: "Do you, my dear? That's fine. Perhaps you can tell me the plural of sugar."

Radigan: "Why, lumps, of course."

Mother (in second vain attempt): "What's the plural of baby?"

Radigan: "Why, twins, of course."

Mother (on the verge of desperation): "Well, what's the plural of glue?"

Radigan (after long consideration): "I give in, Mother, that sure sticks me."

The teacher had been trying to teach her class the turn-the-other-cheek idea. After a short time she said, "Well, Lanzillo, what would you do if a boy struck you?"

Lanzillo: "How big a boy are you supposing?"

Jeanette Freedom: "This squirrel skin coat is very fine. Will it stand the rain?"

Harold Eddy: "Did you ever see a squirrel carrying an umbrella?"

University of Vermont

COLLEGE OF AGRICULTURE

OFFERS COURSES IN

Plant Industry

Animal Husbandry

Farm Management

Horticulture

Forestry

Special attention given to Dairy Husbandry
and training of teachers of Agriculture

For Bulletins and Special Information, address

Dean of Agriculture, or The Registrar

University of Vermont,

Burlington, Vermont

Compliments of

The Clement National Bank

of Rutland, Vermont

Interest paid on Savings Accounts for even
Calendar Months

YOUR ACCOUNT INVITED

HENRY G. SMITH, President.

CHARLES H. HARRISON, Cashier.

MILES S. SAWYER, Vice-President.

EDMUND P. SHAW, Asst. Cashier.

DIRECTORS

P. W. CLEMENT

H. G. SMITH

M. S. SAWYER

WILL L. DAVIS

GEO. T. JARVIS

WM. H. FIELD

O. J. MAIGNE

C. H. HARRISON

REED'S

EVERYTHING ELECTRICAL

CENTER STREET

NICHOLSON, RNEY & DALEY

KUPPENHEIMER STYLEPLUS CLOTHING

Crawford and Edm

Shoes

Berg

YOUR GRADU

IS READY FOR YOU

Rutland,

Vermont

WILSON CLOTHING CO.

Dealers of Correct Clothes and Accessories for Men and Young Men. If in doubt, let us show you what to wear and when and where to wear it.

"SHOES—TOO"

UTLAND
RANVILLE

FAIR HAVEN
LUDLOW

GLENS FALLS
WHITEHALL

FOR
INSURANCE THAT INSURES
PROTECTION THAT PROTECTS
SERVICE THAT SERVES
SEE

ROGER S. PI

3 and 4 QUINN BUILDING

PHONE 1460

ANES & BRAVES

Candy & RICULT

ASSES IN

ndry

ANTS ROW

Where Qu... n to Dairy... ice
... achers of A...

Home-Ma

pecial Informa Ice Cream

ulture, or T

Universi

W

LEASE

1924
NOV

45

THE
Red and White



RUTLAND HIGH SCHOOL

RUTLAND, VERMONT

Rutland Soda Spa

15 CENTER STREET

The Sweetest Spot in Town

The very place to stop and have

A Soda A Sundae A Sandwich

AND

DON'T FORGET OUR

CANDY

TO THE STUDENT

"It's the little things that count."

A few pennies saved each week grow into great big dollars before you know it—if deposited in a safe bank.

You boys and girls don't know how easy it is to get into the saving habit. Neither do you know what a fine thing it is to feel that your savings are earning money for you at 4½% right straight along.

Why not open an account with us?

THE MARBLE SAVINGS BANK

RUTLAND, VERMONT

WALK-OVER SHOES

For Men and Young Men

\$7.50 and \$8.50

BROWN SHOE CO.

**Cahee
House
Furnishing
Co.**

THE SURPRISE

DEPARTMENT STORE CO.

*The Store of
Progress, Fashion and Economy*

18-20 Merchants Row

Compliments

BEAUCHAMP & O'ROURKE

Graduate Pharmacists

51 MERCHANTS ROW
RUTLAND - - - VERMONT

E. G. McCLALLEN & CO.

PRESCRIPTION DRUG STORE

*Johnson's and Burbank's
Candies*

RUTLAND, VERMONT

Always The Newest First

In Feminine Needs

Chas. Sterns & Co.

The Service Store

Shangraw's Pharmacy

Prescription
Pharmacists

Wales and Center St., Opp. Berwick

Rutland, Vt.

Compliments
of
The Rutland County
National Bank

Work, Study, Determination

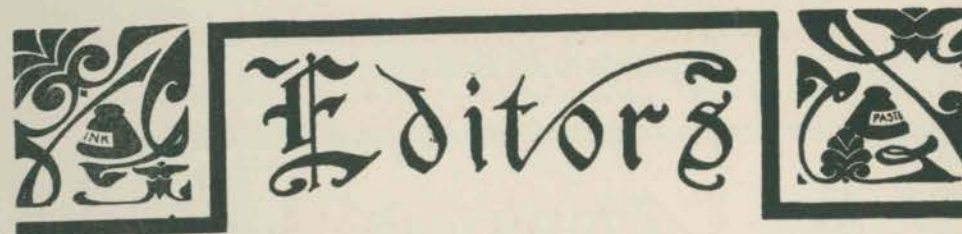
Success does not come by luck. It comes to those who are willing to work for it, study for it, and overcome the obstacles that stand in its way.

You will find an account with the Rutland Savings Bank very helpful.

Rutland Savings Bank

ASSETS, \$11,000,000

Home For School Savings



Vol. 4

November, 1924

No. 1

EDITED BY THE STUDENTS OF THE RUTLAND HIGH SCHOOL

<i>Editor-in-Chief</i>	Gordon Smith, '25
<i>Business Managers</i>	Harold Beane, '25, Robert MacGillivray, '26
<i>Literary Editor</i>	Carolyn Allen, '26
<i>Joke Editor</i>	Vernon Loveland, '25
<i>Athletic Editor</i>	Charles Beale, '25
<i>Exchange Editor</i>	Wilbur Eno, '25
<i>Alumni Editor</i>	Margaret Parker, '25
<i>News Editor</i>	Stetson Edmunds, '25
<i>Art Editor</i>	Norman Adams, '25
<i>Consulting Editor</i>	Miss Elizabeth Bowen
<i>Reporters:</i> Caroline Dye, '26, Grace Gill, '25, Jane Olney, '25, John Conant, '26, Bernard McHugh, '26, Charlotte Robinson, '27, Mary Phillips, '27, Genevieve Caron, '25.	

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Editorials	4
Literary	7
News	14
Alumni Notes	21
Exchanges	23
Athletics	26
Jokes	32



Editorials



WELCOME '28!

The Red and White welcomes the Freshman Class to the High School. We hope that you will realize that you are no longer children, but are grown-ups; that you are no longer pupils of the graded schools but constitute an important part of high-school life. We know that it will be hard for you at first to share the high-school spirit owing to the arrangement of the classes. But in a short time, after the whole student body has met together more frequently, we feel certain that the Freshman Class will show as much loyalty to R. H. S. as any other class, and will take its rightful part in school affairs.

So, Class of '28, again we welcome you and may you continue to uphold the banner of R. H. S.

RETURN ENGAGEMENT

Again the same subject is brought before us—school spirit. As soon as this heading is espied no doubt some of our readers will quickly turn over to the next page as if their reading about such a thing would send them speeding to their graves. But it is of small importance to us and the school if such persons do exist among us. They are the self-same ones who do not play a very important part in our school life and who probably will never play a very big part among their fellow men in their future life.

But we do not want to keep lecturing the school upon its lack of school loyalty, for the simple reason that we believe that it is not, in the true sense of the word, lacking in it. In fact we know that R. H. S. has a lot of spirit—as much as any other school—if she would only get started and bring it out.

Why, if someone from some other school should come up to one of us and start to slam our school, do you suppose that any one of us would stand by and listen to old R. H. S. being insulted? Of course

not! But why wait until we have to defend the honor of R. H. S. to show our school spirit? Let's show it now!

As the year goes on our school spirit steadily increases. Along toward the time of the Baseball Fair the school is bubbling over with enthusiasm and pep. When it is nearing the time for school to close in June and the seniors are to leave R. H. S. forever the school spirit is wonderful—the walls of the old school fairly resound with enthusiasm, but—it is too late. The school year is over. If we would only show the pep now that we show in the latter part of the year, no school could surpass R. H. S. in school spirit.

And you, Seniors, when you graduate in the Spring; when you enter the doors of R. H. S. for the last time; when you hold your last assembly with your friends who have been with you throughout your life in R. H. S., whom you will never again see all together, will you be satisfied that you have done your part for R. H. S.?

Let's start now and show everybody that Rutland High School is a real school and that we have this school spirit in us.

As we are anxious to make The Red and White a success through its interest to you students we will greatly appreciate any suggestions which you may have to offer, or any articles which you think would look well in print.

It might be of interest to you to know that Coach O'Brien said that this year's football squad has had the best scholastic record of any football squad which he has coached in R. H. S. Pretty good, don't you think?

A fine example of what the students of R. H. S. can do in the manner of school spirit when they set their minds on it was shown in the attendance at the Montpelier-Rutland game. It surely was one of the finest cheering squads that Rutland has ever seen.

"THE CALL OF THE WILD"

The primitive instinct is still strong in most of the male population today. This instinct is probably more in evidence in Americans than in any other race. The early Americans were practically all hunters and trappers from necessity. They did very little farming and their chief sources of food were the woods, lakes and streams. Manufacturing was

unknown and the money received from furs was practically their only means of livelihood. So it is only natural that today the wide open spaces issue an invitation to red-blooded boys which they find it hard to resist. It was this instinct that formed the basis of that famous story by Jack London, "The Call of the Wild."

Today the necessity for hunting and trapping does not exist generally but hunting and trapping are still the pastime of thousands of men and boys answering the call of the wild. Because of the advance of civilization and the growing population of this country, the vast wooded areas which once existed are practically unknown in most parts of the United States today. Therefore, it became necessary for each state to enact laws to protect and conserve the game and fish. If we are to enjoy the pleasure of hunting and fishing in years to come, we must conserve our wild life. This is practically the only reason that game laws exist today.

Don't allow the prices quoted by various fur houses to influence you to trap before the season actually opens in your particular part of the country. Consult your state laws regarding the open and closed seasons on all kinds of game.

There are two reasons why the law protects fur-bearing animals. One is conservation and the other is that fur-bearing animals caught out of season are unprime. Furs caught in season are prime and bring much higher prices.

At the present time, there is a scarcity of practically every kind of domestic raw fur and especially is this true of the common fur bearers, such as muskrat, skunk, mink and fox.

This Spring, a large portion of our stock of raw furs, the result of last season's catch was bought by foreign buyers and shipped to Europe. This was done principally on speculation.

However, because of general conditions in this country, only a small portion of the furs were ever resold in this country; most of them being made up into the finished garments and sold on the Continent. This all means that the demand for furs this Fall and their general scarcity will mean unusually high prices. Those boys who do trap this Fall are going to be unusually well paid for their time, and in addition are going to enjoy a very healthful pastime.

With the first frost, usually comes that feeling which, if analyzed, is simply the call of the wild. Wait for the second call, when the season actually opens. It will be well worth your while.—*Printed by request for Oneida Community, Limited, Game Trap Department.*



Literary



"THOSE FRESHIES"

"Oh, Jimmie, I'm scared," whispered Freddie,
And he surely had reason to be,
For 'twas Freddie's first day at the High School,
And, oh, it was funny to see.

He'd heard of the spankings and duckings
That once were the freshies' hard fate,
And he wondered what new tribulations
Would land on his tender young pate.

We dignified seniors and juniors
And those children they call sophomores
Stood ready and glad to receive him
As he entered the fatal front doors.

Unseen were the wild palpitations
Of his untamed and innocent heart,
But his knee caps were visibly knocking
With the thoughts of the dangers to start.

Each glance that was meant to be friendly
Poor Freddie believed was a jeer;
The sounds he thought laughing and mocking
We meant for a welcoming cheer.

We don't know you well, little Freshmen,
But we're sure we can make a safe guess;
You'll always bring strength to our forces
And credit to old R. H. S.

M. M. M., '25.

MARY'S HOUSECLEANING

Standing at an upper window, Mary Dunbar watched her family drive away to the county fair. On the front seat of the car sat her father and mother. Behind them were the twins, Paul and Pauline. Mary saw them go without regret; she was staying behind entirely of her own accord. Mary had come home from boarding school filled with the theories of domestic science. And she was now desirous of putting them into practice, so she had stayed home to houseclean. Since Mary had become so fond of housecleaning, a monthly overhauling took place instead of twice a year.

This morning she stood by the window equipped with a dust cap and apron. Beginning at the rooms with the gables at the top of the house she set to work.

"I'll finish each room as I go," she said to herself as she finished sweeping and ran to the window to shake two rugs that she had hung on the sill. It was a perfect June day, the sky was clear and bright. She paused and took a long deep breath. What a day for a picnic or a county fair!

Bringing her mind back to more practical things, Mary started shaking the rugs. She gave the first such terrible flaps that the little dust it contained could not resist her violent efforts. The second she shook even more briskly than the first, leaning farther and farther out the window to do so. A moment more and she had leaned too far.

Mary was tall and the window was low. Her knees came up to the sill. One instant she was leaning forward shaking the rug violently, and the next, she was being carried across the sill by the force of her own energy. Beneath the window the roof sloped down to meet the top of the second story, which had been recently added to satisfy Mary's demand for a sleeping porch. The slope of the main roof was steep and slippery, so a slide awaited her. Fortunately the sleeping porch roof was level, or Mary might not have stopped until she reached the ground.

Her first chance for thought was when she landed on the roof. She scrambled to a sitting position with her dust cap and one slipper gone, but she was still holding the rug. After sitting there for a short time she gathered herself together, took a fresh grip on the rug, and started to ascend the slide down which she had recently come with such speed. But going down and going back proved two very different matters. She could not climb down from the roof, for the

distance to the ground was at least twenty feet. A stout plank lay close at hand but it wasn't long enough to reach to the ground. She made another desperate effort to climb the tin roof.

Mary could not get up the roof so she decided to be comfortable at least, and lay down for a good sleep. About an hour before sunset she awoke and lay, lazy, but contented. The wind was blowing slightly and as the boughs of the old apple tree swayed to and fro they revealed to her a way of escape. Five minutes later she had shoved the plank through the branches and across the space to the open window of the tool house. Then she dropped the rug to the ground and stepped out on the plank. The tool house window received her as readily as the chamber window had rejected her, and she scrambled across the sill into the dusty loft. She hurried down the old stairs, for she thought she heard the family. She went out on the porch and sat down and in a few minutes the family came. When her mother inquired, "Are you tired, Mary?" she answered, "No, I ought not to be." "Why?" asked her mother. "I will tell you after supper," answered Mary.

E. H., '26.

HALLOWE'EN

The night draws near;
The sky is grey;
'Tis time for fear,
To wish for day.
The cold winds blow;
The clouds speed past;
There's hint of snow
In air at last.

Now comes a shout,
A cry of play;
They romp about,
In spirits gay.
They're out for fun
And pranks, I ween,
All school work's done;
'Tis Hallowe'en.

—C. A., '26

THE UNJUST SUSPICION

All the girls were back at Miss Thompson's Boarding School after the Christmas vacation. They were, of course, showing each other their Christmas gifts and Amy Drew had a particularly pretty ring which all the girls admired.

Amy's chum and room-mate, Mary Lewis, talked and talked about the ring and thought it was the prettiest one she had ever laid eyes on.

Amy did not wear her ring at night but was accustomed to put it in a certain place on her bureau. One morning when she awoke, she looked at her watch and found that she would have to hurry to get ready in time for breakfast. She dressed hurriedly and went to her bureau, where she remembered putting her ring. When she looked at the spot where she had placed it she turned pale and sank into a chair. The ring was gone! What would she do? Was it stolen?

These thoughts raced through her mind. Then she grew angry and her eyes snapped. She looked at Mary's bed and, as she expected, her chum was not there, as she was an early riser and it was now very late.

"Oh, I know it was that Mary Lewis. I should have been more careful when she admired it so much," she sobbed. "I'll never trust her again."

As she was getting ready to go downstairs, Mary laughingly ran into the room and cried, "Oh, you lazy-bones," and then as she glanced at her chum's angry face, "Amy, what is the matter? What has happened?" and ran to her friend, who pushed her out of the way.

"You know well enough, Mary Lewis," she cried. "Give me my ring."

"Amy, have you lost that beautiful ring?" questioned Mary. "Why, you know I wouldn't take it; I loved that ring."

"Yes, I know you loved it," snapped Amy and hurried from the room.

When Mary went out she saw Amy with a crowd of girls with their heads together and she could tell by the look on her friend's face that she was saying, "You know that ring I showed you? Well, Mary Lewis stole it, and yet she dares to come into the room and laugh. I'll get even with her." Mary felt very uncomfortable.

And so the story started. Many of Mary's friends would not believe it until Amy took them into the room and showed them the exact spot where she insisted she had placed the ring.

Mary was soon left out of everything as everyone knew the story and believed it. The teachers thought it best to leave her alone, in hopes that she might confess.

Amy was much disturbed over the loss of her ring and would think or talk of nothing else. One morning as she was in search of a handkerchief she felt something small and hard in the bottom of the box. She took out the handkerchiefs and there lay the ring. She then remembered putting it carefully away before she went to bed. Shame-facedly she ran downstairs but it was time for breakfast.

When everyone was seated, Amy rose and told the school that there had been a mistake and of course Mary had not taken the ring. They were absurdly foolish to think of such a thing. She said she was sorry to have started such a feeling against Mary and she had no right to expect Mary to forgive her. She said it bravely but her voice broke at the last. Mary ran to her and put her arms around her saying, "Of course I'll forgive you."

The teachers also forgave Amy, but told her to be careful about forming suspicions and spreading them when she had no proof and told the rest of the school to try and profit by Amy's experience.

Mary and Amy left the room the best of friends but Amy felt that she could never make up for the wrong she had done her friend.

R. S., '28.

MY TRIP TO NOWHERE

I set out in Nothing for Nowhere. There I met
Julius Caesar, poor old geaser,
Froze his feet in the ice-cream freezer,
(as many a student has sung).

He told me all about his wonderful campaigns, as though I did not already know about those dry old things after reading his book, which, by the way, he said he had written for the main purpose of making the Sophomores work. "And the things they say about me!" he went on. "Why the other day one Sophomore said that I was mortified in the Capital at Rome; imagine a man of my note being mortified! Another impudent boy said that I crossed the river in fords. I would never ride in one of those cheap things in all this Nowhere. Why! here's my old enemy Shakespeare, he who has shown up all my mean characteristics that I never owned."

Mr. Shakespeare was in a great anger. When I asked him the reason for this he said that he also was disgusted with the young people

of today. "One of those stupid Sophomores said that I wrote 'The Arabian Nights.' Such trash!"

I also met George Washington, who took me on his white horse to see Napoleon.

One after another I met the men and women of bygone days and listened to their tales whether dry or interesting.

Soon I seated myself in Nothing for home, and glad I was to get there after my trip to Nowhere.

M. A., '26.

IL STUDIOSO

O algebra, where is thy sting!
Thy name it is an odious thing.
Away, thou harbinger of fear,
To uncouth places dark and drear.

I work with all my might and main
But all my labors are in vain.
Enveloped in a hazy mist
My downy bed I scarce resist.

And then I have an English test
In which I put my time and zest.
Base failure stares me in the face
But worse than that, disgrace, disgrace.

And groping, grasping every day
I'll never learn to speak Français.
E'en though I study 'most all night
It always goes as I recite.

Then Latin Grammar is a foe
To such as me in depths of woe.
Those horrid shapes midst space forlorn
The pages of my books adorn.

With sheepish grin and slouch I pass
Into the modern hist'ry class.
But every word is wrong I speak
And I'm regarded as a freak.

These things are webs and threads of fate
Getting hold of me of late.
How they grip me tighter still
Till they have me at their will.

Darkness, fiend, I know thee well.
Must I ever with thee dwell?
But I still must keep in line
Stayed by hope from time to time.
—W. E., '25.





News



MISS MELDON AND MRS. STATHAM GIVE TRAVEL TALKS

At a meeting of the High School Parent-Teacher Association held recently in the Assembly Hall, Miss Meldon and Mrs. Statham gave brief sketches of their trips abroad.

Miss Meldon, after leaving New York June 21, arrived safely at Paris. She spent most of her time studying, although she met many people and went sight-seeing. While visiting the Latin Quarter she met some Czecho-Slovakians and Russians, who were excellent pupils but very rude people. The sanitary conditions of France she found to be very poor. Family washings are done in very little water, often-times in brooks, and carted in wheelbarrows to be hung out to dry.

France has changed considerably since the war. Although the people are poorer than before, they think mostly of pleasures. No reading is done. They are wild for amusement. The people nowadays observe less formality. Young girls, for instance, are not as strictly chaperoned as in former days. It is nothing out of the ordinary to see young girls out alone on Paris streets.

The city, however, is very beautiful with its gardens, parks, lakes and trees. There are statues everywhere, at every twist and turn. A statue of which Miss Meldon spoke in particular was "They Shall Not Pass," which has been erected since the war.

Miss Meldon also visited the Luxemburg Gardens, where every Tuesday and Friday nights there is given a concert by the military band. At the Ritz on Sunday nights are given balls. At the Continental Hotel, where the Prince of Wales stayed, one may see people in full dress taking tea at almost any time on beautiful, well kept courts. One fascinating restaurant has its table nooks in trees. To get to them one has to climb up a little ladder but is rewarded by being served everything imaginable. At the first of the month they have a fountain display, which is a gorgeous sight but a very expensive affair.

Miss Meldon made her picture of Paris very alluring, noting as a further enticement the cheapness of Paris clothes because of the present rate of exchange.

Mrs. Statham's trip was one of almost continuous travels. Her ten-day trip over was very delightful. The food was good and everyone was very appreciative. On the fourth of July, the night before they landed, they had a big celebration on board. The Metropolitan Opera Concert, which was part of the program, was unusually good.

Arriving at Naples she was very fortunate to see Vesuvius at its best. At Naples one cannot help noticing that everywhere are seen donkeys and children. On almost every road they can be seen making them a very usual sight. The government at present is very much interested in excavation. Near the site of the Forum they have unearthed some catacombs.

The sanitation here is very much improved, especially the water. No screens, however, of any kind are used to keep out flies but on account of the marshes they do not often enter the houses.

Mrs. Statham also visited Rome and Florence. Rome is very fascinating. Gowns and shawls here are very reasonable. Florence is noted for its leather goods and especially for its beautifully beaded bags. In Italy people care mostly about tobacco and liquor. Mrs. Statham found it interesting to compare Italy in this respect with Switzerland, where gold is most sought after, and with England, where liquor again is craved.

While visiting Switzerland Mrs. Statham saw many beautiful sights. Far up could be seen the glaciers and snow-capped mountains, while below were wooded hills and lakes.

She was fortunate enough to visit a great many other places such as Nice, Monte Carlo, Vienna, Geneva. On a one-day trip to the Battle Fields, at Chateau Thierry, she visited the American cemetery, where could be seen innumerable graves, above which waved the Red, White and Blue. To look at the fields of France, one could hardly tell that there had been a war, reconstruction had been so thorough. What impressed her most here were the poppies. They could be seen everywhere and reminded one of "Flanders Field." She also visited the Marne valley, London, where a British Empire Exhibit was being held, Westminster Abbey, Stratford, the Shakesperian region, Chester, Wales, Melrose, Abbotsford, Edinburg and many other places. In England she found much unemployment. Soldiers can be seen on the streets drawing pictures to earn a living.

Mrs. Statham came home by the way of Montreal, with a mind crowded with interesting memories.

THE HOME LIGHTING ESSAY CONTEST

The Home Lighting Essay Contest, which is under the direction of the electrical industry in the United States and the Dominion of Canada, is being conducted for the purpose of informing you and your family in the proper use of electric light. The contest is open to all public, private and parochial school children who will be ten years old or older on December 31, 1924. There are ten local prizes, five for girls and five for boys, ranging from a fifty-dollar first prize to a five-dollar fifth prize.

Furthermore, there are eleven international prizes with one first prize and ten other prizes for both boys and girls. This first prize is a fifteen thousand dollar model electrical home and the others, ranging from twelve hundred to six hundred dollars are scholarships for any American or Canadian college or university of accepted standard. The ten local prize essays will be sent to New York to compete for the international prizes.

Such prizes are remarkable because of the comparatively easy requirements of the contest. First, the pupil is to study the lighting rules in the Home Lighting Primer which he has received from his teacher. Second, he is to investigate the lighting equipment of his own home, and of the home of two of his friends, and to report this investigation in a specified place in the Primer. Third, he is to select from the fixture pages the fixtures he would use, cut them out and paste them in the proper position on the pictures of the rooms in the Primer so that each room will be properly lighted. Lastly, he is to write an essay (not more than 600 words) telling what changes he would make in the lighting of his own home to have it properly lighted and why he would make such changes. In the Primer there are a great many suggestions about proper lighting and also in the Herald every day there is an article on it. So, you see, the requirements are not difficult.

We are glad to note that a representative number of students from R. H. S. have entered the contest. The essays were written under supervision November 10 and the type of work done at that time promises some of the bacon for our contestants.

CHEER RALLY

Friday night, October 2, the Board of Editors of The Red and White gave a cheer rally specifically to arouse pep for the game with Bennington, generally to create interest in all extra-curriculum activities.

Throughout the rally the "dignified" Board of Editors remained seated upon the stage with the cheer leaders.

Coach O'Brien opened the rally by explaining the present condition of athletic funds, and asking the students for their support to the teams. After giving the schedule of the football season he told wherein the boys needed the help of each student. Mr. O'Brien reiterated that those students unable to enter athletics themselves should endeavor in every way to stand behind the boys by being present at the games. He emphasized also the lack of support to The Red and White heretofore shown by the student body.

Gordon Smith, editor-in-chief, outlined the type of paper which the staff is endeavoring to maintain this year. He said The Red and White was the only means by which other schools could judge the mental caliber of the school, that with the help of every member of the school, this paper could take its rightful place among the papers of other schools of about this size.

Cheers were practiced for the game. To close the rally the football squad paraded across the stage to the tune of enthusiastic cheers.

CLASS OFFICERS

The Senior, Junior, and Sophomore class officers for the ensuing year are as follows:

Seniors—President, John Hinchey; Vice-President, Frances Howley; Secretary, Stetson Edmunds; Treasurer, Charles Beale.

Juniors—President, Robert MacGillivray; Vice-President, John Dolan; Secretary, Caroline Dye; Treasurer, Tom O'Rourke.

Sophomores—President, Donald McCormick; Vice-President, Mary Phillips; Secretary, Helen Strubbe; Treasurer, Hubert Gosselin.

THE ORCHESTRA

This year there are about fifty students in the orchestra. This is very promising to Mr. Phillips, as a considerable number of freshmen have joined, who will give material for several years. A fourteen-piece jazz orchestra has been formed this year, the members of which have been chosen as far as possible from the lower classmen in order that the orchestra may remain the same for as long as possible. It is planned to have music in assembly every two weeks, with the concert and jazz orchestras alternating.

"ONCE IN A BLUE MOON"

Work has already been started on this year's operetta, which is a regular musical comedy, "Once in a Blue Moon." It has been presented by many high schools with great success. There is an extremely popular score, interwoven with a simple plot in which a robbery and an accused hero insure thrills.

About seventy-five girls have turned out for the chorus this year, and Mr. Phillips is hoping to obtain at least twenty-five boys.

DEFENSE DAY ASSEMBLY

On Defense Day, September 12, Mr. Raymond Bridges spoke to us. He told us the purpose of Defense Day and outlined the activities for the afternoon and evening.

COLUMBUS DAY ASSEMBLY

Attorney Jack Crowley fittingly marked Columbus Day with an instructive and interesting speech devoted chiefly to the story of the great discoverer's life. He emphasized Columbus' courage in the face of almost insurmountable obstacles and, at the last, of unpopularity and disgrace.

THRIFT WEEK ASSEMBLY

On October 31, in connection with National Thrift Week, Superintendent W. W. Fairchild spoke to us on the subject of thrift. As usual, Mr. Fairchild gave a splendid talk. The points that he brought out were that thriftiness is not stinginess, and that in the home there should be a three-fold division of expenditures: (1) spending for necessities; (2) maintaining a sinking fund, and (3) and lastly, spending for luxury.

HONOR ROLL

Thirteen seniors, nine juniors, three sophomores, and fourteen freshmen are on the honor roll for the first six weeks ending October 10. They are as follows:

Seniors—Helen Byrne, Bertha Catozzi, Mary Copps, Stetson Edmunds, Robert Fairchild, Lucy Gooding, John Hinchey, Anna Johnson, Vernon Loveland, Josephine Pye, Charles Reardon, Audrey St. Clair, and Robert Tracy.

Juniors—Merle Adams, Cecile Balch, Ruth Beardsley, Leona Buxton, Edward Cooper, Carl Howard, Walter Malmgren, Doris Richards and Morris Wolk.

Sophomores—Harry Holden, Nathalie Lewis and Gordon Pierce.

Freshmen—Francis Allson, Dorothy Boyden, Grace Briggs, Francis Clarke, Ella Congdon, Frances Cooper, Barbara Farnsworth, John Hinsman, Helen Jasmin, Mary Morris, Edward Pike, Grace Powers, Marion Wilcox, and Ruth Woodfall.

We wish to congratulate the Freshmen upon this comparatively large number of honor roll students for the first six weeks of their high school life. Furthermore, we hope that they retain their standard of scholarship throughout their entire high school course.

THE VICTORY DANCE

The splendid victory over Montpelier, October 11, was fittingly celebrated that evening by a dance in the Assembly Hall. It was largely attended by the students who had cheered the team to victory. The chaperones were Mr. and Mrs. Harman, Mr. and Mrs. Crowley, Miss Johnson, and Miss Hausman. The Studio Five played up to the spirit of the affair until nearly the midnight hour.

THE FRESHMAN RECEPTION

Friday evening, October 31, the Freshmen were entertained by the three upper classes of the school at the annual Freshman reception. After the entertainment, which consisted of three clever skits presented by the Sophomores, Juniors, and Seniors, respectively, there was dancing until 10:30. The music was furnished by the high school orchestra.

The Senior class, coached by Mr. Kingsley, presented a skit representing an audience in a small-town moving picture theatre. The players depicted several of the usual types of "movie" attenders—tired business men, vamps, sweet-hearts, tough-nuts, front-row children, and other easily identified specimens.

The Juniors, coached by Miss Bowen, portrayed "The Shooting of Dan McGrew," which showed a considerable amount of promising talent among the members of the class. It was exceedingly well done.

Several vaudeville acts, coached by Miss Gage, were presented by the Sophomore Class, which has much dramatic talent for the school.

The custom was instituted of having the football captain lead the grand march at the Freshman reception. "Chunkie" Beale played his part with much dignity.

We are glad to hear from Mr. Abbott that the reception left a favorable impression upon the "grown-ups" who attended it, and that it was a success from all standpoints.

YE WHO ARE NOT BACON-BATTERS

By One of Them

It is possible for all to be Bacon-Batters, and impossible. To be a Bacon-Batter is to be one of the four hundred. Not to be a Bacon-Batter is to be one of the four million.

The ideals of the Bacon-Batters are very great. They are vast and founded on the principles of the great out-of-doors. There are three high ideals.

First, the opinion that we eat to live, not live to eat, has given the world the wrong idea. The best thing in the world is food. Therefore, our motto is: We live to eat Bacon and not let porkers thrive.

Second, we find dark roads: there are green apples there, and red ones, too. One of the Ten Commandments says, "Thou shalt not steal"; therefore we *borrow* apples.

Third, the foremost and therefore last rule of our society is to steer clear of men. That at least is or was our aim. The vamps of our members are many. *A man once followed us.* (Ask him what happened.)

Those who desire to become members of this secret organization please apply to The Red and White for further information.

QUITE SO

Teacher: "Children, can any of you tell me what is the most dangerous part of an automobile?"

Tommy: "Yes, miss, I can. It's the driver."

UP TO DATE

Daddy (just finishing a long talk and stern rebuke): "Now you quite understand what I say?"

Small daughter (very modern): "Will you broadcast it again, Daddy? I haven't quite got your wave-length."



Alumni Notes



St. Michael's College is fortunate in having such a center as Joseph Radigan, '24, on its varsity team.

Fred Taylor, '24, a Freshman at Norwich, is No. 20 on the football squad. He is end on the second team.

Milford Smith, '24, a Senior at Tilden Seminary, is playing right guard on the varsity football squad.

Bob Marshall, '24, is one of the Freshman football candidates at Dartmouth.

Our loss is Middlebury's gain. Four '24 girls are Freshmen there this year and are making their mark socially and scholastically. Ethel Palmer, Frances Baldwin and Dorothy Kirk have made the Delta Delta Delta sorority, Florence Lockerby, Kappa Kappa Gamma and Laura Powers, Delta Omega Delta.

Harriette Lawrence, R. H. S. '23, Dana Hall '24, is a member of the Freshman class of Simmons College.

Alice E. Gates, '24, entered the Senior class of Drew Seminary at Carmel, N. Y.

Henry Wilson, '24, has a position at Wood's grocery store in this city.

Harold Parkhurst, '23, has a position in Badlam's grocery store.

Jimmy Rice, '24, entered Goddard Seminary. He is to be under Coach Carl Olney, '17, a year before going to college. Jimmy is quite as active on the Goddard gridiron as he was here under O'Bie.

Ted Roberts, '23, is a Sophomore at Middlebury and a member of the Delta Kappa Epsilon fraternity.

Ruth Harwood, '23, The Mary Burnham School, 24, has successfully passed the college board examinations and is a Freshman at Smith.

Payson Webber, '20, graduate of Harvard Architectural School '24, has won a scholarship for post-graduate work at Harvard.

John Lanzillo, '24, is playing tackle on the Exeter varsity football team.

Harriet Beane, '24, is a student at the Rutland Business College.

Paul Willard, '24, who had the honor of winning a Rochester University Scholarship, has refused it in order to study medicine at the University of New York.

John Lanahan, '24 is a Freshman at Georgetown University.

William Pond, Jr., '24, is taking a year of preparatory work at Exeter before entering Princeton.

Arthur Kavanaugh, '24, is a member of the Freshman class at Yale.

Whitney Cooke, '23, Exeter '24, is one of the Freshman candidates for football at Yale.

Roy Davenport, '24, has a position with the Vermont Hydro-Electric Corporation prior to his departure next January to the Schenectady Law School.

Virginia Marshall, '24, has entered the Ossining School for Girls, Ossining, N. Y.

Harold Eddy, '23, has left the Wilson Clothing Company to take a position with the New England Telephone Company.



Exchanges



"The Patriot," Leavenworth High School, Leavenworth, Kansas. Your paper evinces your earnest endeavor to make it a success. Your news and athletic departments are very complete, but there is room for a little more literary "stuff." A few exchange notes would add interest.

"The Blackhawk," Davenport High School, Davenport, Iowa. "The Eagle" would be a better name for your paper. You seem to be very enthusiastic about our national issues. Your school campaigns and straw vote are unique and original and seem to be an excellent method of broadening the minds of our nation's future citizens.

"The Madison Mirror," Madison, Wisconsin. Although your paper cannot be said to be "magna et pulchra" it is well written and all departments are proportional. The Question Box is a nifty idea to increase circulation among your students.

"Tech News," Worcester, Mass. As ever, a good school weekly. The editorial welcoming the Freshmen is a winner.

"The Volunteer," Concord High School, Concord, N. H. True to its name in all senses "The Volunteer" shows evidences of hard work and earnest endeavor. The "Class Initials" are very clever, and "The Glade" commendable considering that it was written by a high school girl. A few cuts and a little larger joke department would add to your paper immensely.

"The Oracle," Gloversville High School, Gloversville, N. Y. The best we have seen so far. Your commencement number is so nearly perfect that only a crabbed critic would try to pick a flaw. May all your issues be as commendable!

"The Spencerian Owl," Spencerian School, Cleveland, Ohio. Your paper is neat and attractive and holds attention from cover to cover. You have many talented writers who make your paper rank with the best.

"The High School Folio," Flushing, N. Y. A real, good paper. Your commencement issue is well done. You have plenty of cuts in this issue. "Gossip in Our Village" is cleverly written and very humorous. However, your athletic write-ups are rather short.

"The Volcano," Hornel High School, Hornel, N. Y. "The Volcano" is a fit name for your paper. The "eruptions" of your paper are at white heat with school spirit. Under the handicap with which you began this year you are doing splendidly so far. Keep up the good work.

"Boston University News," Boston, Mass. A snappy college paper. Your Walrus Column deserves favorable comment.

"Lewis and Clark Journal," Spokane, Washington. Yours is a splendid example of a well developed school paper. Although it is published weekly your news columns are always well filled with interesting items. Your sport column is evidence that your interest in athletics is keen. The editorials are short and snappy, many of which deserve special commendation. Your joke column is the only part that needs a little more attention. Keep up the good work, "Lewis and Clark."

"The Vermont Cynic," U. V. M., Burlington, Vermont. Your paper is a fine college weekly. However, you might brighten it up a little with a few jokes.

AS OUR EXCHANGES SEE IT

TEN COMMANDMENTS OF SCHOOL LOYALTY

We have heard a great deal about school loyalty. While it has been mentioned continually as a part of every piece of advice, as yet it has remained undefined. The following are ten points considered essential to true school spirit:

(1) Study. Make the money that is spent on your education count for something. This is primarily an institution of learning. Make it the best.

(2) At football games, debates and other interscholastic activities, be there to show the team that there is something to fight for—a school's honor to be upheld.

(3) Respect the rules of the school and those who are here to enforce them.

(4) Obey them.

(5) Show that you appreciate the advantages given you by giving the best that is in you in return.

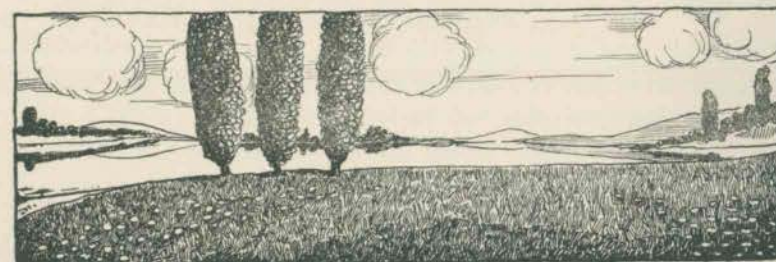
(6) Be a part of the whole, and work with the whole. Through co-operation is the most complete success obtained.

(7) Be courteous. Consider the other fellow first.

(8) Be a friend to everyone. Promote good fellowship in the school.

(9) Get behind its activities; they are most worthy of your support. Show your good will in this respect, by subscribing for and reading—(The Red and White).

(10) We are known to other schools by the sportsmanship we display. Play fair!—*The Lewis and Clark Journal*.





Athletics



THE 1924 FOOTBALL SEASON

Monday morning, September 8th, Coach Harold I. O'Brien issued the first call for candidates for the football squad and that afternoon about 65 boys collected at St. Peter's field.

Some of the boys were veterans but the majority were fresh material. The veterans were Captain Beale, Bellerose, Levins, Franzoni, Bove, Reardon, Hinchey, Newton, Goddard, Shedd, Hagan, Smith, O'Rourke and Stevens.

For three weeks the squad worked hard and on September 27th Coach O'Brien had a first, second and third team ready to go on the field against Fair Haven high school, this being the first game of the season.

The afternoon was a clear, warm day and a good crowd had collected at the field to witness the game. The Fair Haven team arrived and went on the field to warm up. They looked pretty classy in their blue uniforms and they were all big fellows.

The game started promptly at 3:30 o'clock and Rutland kicked off to Fair Haven, who ran the ball back about three yards. They then fumbled and Rutland recovered the ball. In less than three minutes of play Levins ran the ball across the line for the first touch down of the game. This was followed by another and soon Rutland had piled up five touchdowns. The second team went in at the second period but the result was the same as the first. They pushed Fair Haven all around and scored repeatedly and when the third team went in Fair Haven was still unable to score. The final score was 84-0, the highest score the team has made since the memorable game with West Rutland five years ago.

The game was rather a disappointment as it did not give Coach O'Brien the opportunity to determine where the team's weak or strong points were. The Fair Haven team didn't have a chance from the be-

CAPT "CHOLLEY" BEALE



ginning to the end of the game and Rutland's goal was not in danger once.

Although the opposition was not strong enough to determine the real strength of the team, much can be said about it. The boys showed a remarkable ability to recover fumbles and also much can be said about the field running of Bellerose, Levins and Newton, and the tackling of Shedd, Beale and Stevens. The real feature of the game was when Bellerose caught the ball on a kickoff and raced 90 yards for a touchdown.

The line-up was as follows:

Goddard, center	Stevens, right end
Bove, left guard	Beale, capt., quarter back
O'Rourke, right guard	Bellerose, right half back
Franzoni, left tackle	Levins, left half back
Reardon, right tackle	Shedd, full back
Hagan, left end	

The Red and White has a very hard schedule this year, playing such teams as Bennington, Whitehall, Montpelier, Goddard Seminary Reserves and Haverhill. The Haverhill game, the big one of the year, will be played on November 22. Last year Haverhill had one of the best, if not the best, high school teams in Massachusetts. They have a very good reputation and will be very hard to defeat. But with hard practice and the coaching ability of Coach O'Brien, the Red and White should return from Haverhill victorious.

RUTLAND OVERWHELMS MONTPELIER ELEVEN

Our trusty high school eleven won their third game of the year Saturday, October 11, when they defeated the strong Montpelier eleven.

One o'clock saw the gathering of the best football crowd of the year assembled at the High School ready for an enthusiastic march to St. Peter's Field. Horns and cow-bells aided the Boy Scout drum corps in making noise for the occasion. After marching down Center St. to Merchants Row, over Merchants Row to West and thence to the field we all assembled in the middle of the field and there gave our one and only high school yell. From there we hastened to the open bleachers prepared to witness one of the best games of the season.

At three o'clock sharp Rutland kicked off. The ball's going over Montpelier's goal line made it their ball on their own 20-yard line. After two downs Montpelier punted to center field. This was the beginning of our gain for the first touchdown. Bellerose, Beale and

Levins in succession helped to carry the ball over the line. The making of this touchdown ended the first period of play.

During the second period Bellerose tried a goal from the field but the ball went wild and ended in Montpelier's hands. Recovering the ball Bellerose made Rutland's second touchdown. Shedd kicked the goal. In the last half of this period Montpelier buckled up and it looked as if the game was not going to be so easy after all. This, however, proved false as in the third period Rutland came through with another touchdown, and in the fourth period, by a succession of gains, Beale made our fourth touchdown, raising the score to 26—0.

The line-up was as follows:

Montpelier

Miglirimi, right end
Moore, right tackle
Ledden, right guard
Pierce, center
Fitzgerald, left guard
Pembroke, left tackle
Kelley, left end
Spooner, quarter back
Babbick left half back
Heaton, right half back
Donnelly, full back

Rutland

Stevens, right end
Hagan, right tackle
Fagan, right guard
Goddard, center
Forcier, left guard
Bove, left tackle
Shedd, left end
Hinchey, quarter back
Levins, left half back
Bellerose, right half back
Beale, full back

Substitutes

Buel
Massaco
Shepard
H. Donnelly
Hill

Flynn
Newton
Reed
Smith
Corcoran
O'Rourke
Halpin
McClallen
Fairchild
Dorion
Sabourin

RUTLAND DEFEATED BY SPAULDING HIGH AT BARRE

On Saturday afternoon, October 18, Rutland High was defeated by Spaulding High of Barre. This was Rutland's fourth defeat in eight years. The game was hard fought from beginning to end, with the teams about even. Both were weak on the defense, but very strong on the offense. Rutland was seriously handicapped by their fumbling and this was the reason for their defeat.

Rutland kicked off to Spaulding and Healy caught the ball on his 15-yard line and by repeated rushes went 85 yards down the field for the first touchdown. Healy kicked the goal.

Rutland again kicked off and Spaulding again went down the field for the second touchdown, failing, however, to kick the goal.

The second period opened with the ball in Spaulding's possession but they were unable to get through Rutland's defense. Spaulding was penalized and Rutland took the ball and by wonderful work on the part of Bellerose, Levins and Beale carried it down the field for 55 yards. Rutland fumbled and the ball rolled over the goal for a touchback. Spaulding took the ball and made 10 yards by a series of rushes and then netted 45 yards on a successful forward pass. The period then ended.

The third period opened by Rutland kicking off to Spaulding, who gained 15 yards, giving Rutland the ball on downs. Rutland's chance to score was now at hand and beautiful runs by Levins, Beale and Bellerose carried the ball down the field and by a spectacular run Bellerose took it across for our first and only touchdown.

Bellerose kicked off and Rutland rushed the ball backward about 20 yards and Spaulding punted. Rutland carried the ball 40 yards and then failed on a forward pass. Bellerose then punted to Spaulding, who carried the ball for several uncomfortable gains, only to fumble. Rutland recovered, but again the fumble proved disastrous and the period ended with the ball in Spaulding's possession.

The final period opened on Spaulding's 25-yard line. They were penalized on the next play and punted to Johnny Hinchey, who ran the ball back 7 yards. At this stage of the game Rutland resorted to the forward pass, but failed to complete any of them. Spaulding again took the ball and gained about 20 yards. Rutland's defense tightened and forced a punt. Hinchey took the kick and tore off 15 yards, but another fumble caused Spaulding's third touchdown. Healy kicked the goal. The game ended with Rutland fighting hopelessly to score.

Line-up

Rutland H. S.

Shedd, left end
 Franzoni, left tackle
 Forcier, left guard
 Goddard, center
 Bove, right guard
 Hagan, right tackle
 Stevens, right end
 Hinchey, quarter back
 Levins, left half back
 Bellerose, right half back
 Beale, full back

Spaulding H. S.

Watson, left end
 Ainni, left tackle
 Barroll, left guard
 Bossi, center
 Higgs, right guard
 Mitchell, right tackle
 McCarthy, right end
 White, quarter back
 Healy, left half back
 Tomassi, right half back
 Ryan, full back

THE RUTLAND-BENNINGTON GAME

This game, being the second of our '24 season, was very loosely played, Bennington fighting much harder than the boys representing the Red and White. Bennington failed, however, to score, although they threatened our goal on numerous occasions.

Beale, Bellerose and Levins played well for Rutland, but even they were not up to form and fumbled and did not gain ground as they otherwise would have.

Our line was playing far below the standard and Bennington smashed through many times for several yards' gain, failing nevertheless to reach our goal.

Much can be said about Bennington's forward passing and it can be stated that it was probably the best seen on a local field for some time. Bennington threw many of these passes, several of which were of unusually long distance, all of which kept the game from becoming uninteresting.

The game ended with Rutland having the decisive score of 26—0.

RUTLAND DEFEATS WHITEHALL

Owing to the important college games in the nearby towns, Rutland played Whitehall on Friday afternoon instead of Saturday. The game was well played and although Rutland had a much stronger team the game was very interesting, perhaps due to the fact that Coach O'Brien sent in substitutes during the greater part of the game.

Whitehall had a fairly good team and, in spite of their defeat by Troy Conference Academy in their first game of the season, they showed up well, seeming to have improved tremendously and worked hard to cross Rutland's goal. Their line probably outweighed Rutland's 10 pounds to the man, and it contained some very strong tacklers. The backfield was also a strong factor and did some good work, which often called on Rutland's reserve strength.

Both teams used the forward pass quite frequently, many a pass being completed and substantial gains being made by both teams in this manner. Bellerose threw a perfect pass to Bob Stevens for a gain of about 30 yards. Whitehall played a good passing game and although their passes were short they were very helpful in gaining ground.

There are several players of the game who deserve credit. Hedges of Whitehall was a good runner and carried the ball well, going around the end many times for gains. He was Whitehall's only threat. Beale, without a question of doubt, was the outstanding figure of the game and gained more ground for Rutland than any other man. Rutland's chunky captain was very clever on this particular afternoon, making innumerable runs that brought the ball within scoring distance. The Rutland Herald says of Bellerose, "He was responsible for the feature play of the afternoon when he sidestepped, after being hit by a tackler, reversed himself two or three times and amid the cheers of the spectators pulled himself through for a gain of 25 yards." Howard Goddard, Rutland's plucky center was carried from the field in the last period of the game, with a badly crushed nose being kicked by a player. He will probably be out of Rutland's lineup until the Haverhill game on November 22.

The game ended with a score of 14—0 in Rutland's favor.

Line-up

Rutland

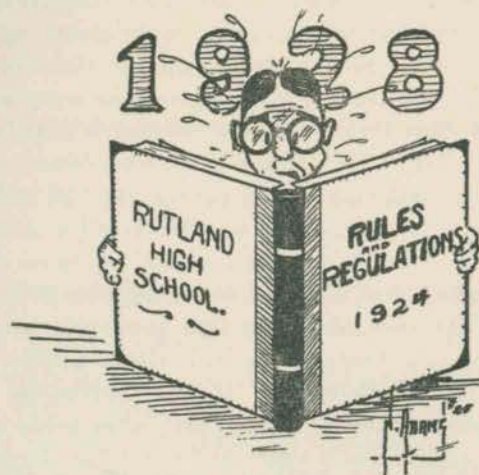
Shedd, left end
 Hagan, left tackle
 Bove, left guard
 Goddard, center
 Franzoni, right guard
 Reardon, right tackle
 Stevens, right end
 Hinchey, quarter back
 Bellerose, right half back
 Levins, left half back
 Beale, full back

Whitehall

Darling, left end
 Charles, left tackle
 Watus, left guard
 T. Whalen, center
 Fontaine, right guard
 Steele, right tackle
 Herbert, right end
 Neddo, quarter back
 Whalen, right half back
 Hedges, left half back
 Gordon, full back



Jokes



FRESHMAN DO'S

A Freshman, upon meeting an upper classman, shall remove his hat, bow three times, and mummur humbly, "My Lord."

The Freshman shall, upon no pretext, smile or glance at an upper classman. (This does not apply to girls.)

When the High School team wins, the Freshman shall say, "The upper classmen have won." When the team loses, he shall say, "We have lost."

DON'TS

The Freshman shall not smile on Thursday or Friday, but shall wear an expression of deep gloom, in order to show his dislike of the week-end vacation. Upon mention of the Easter or Xmas vacation, he shall burst into tears.

The Freshman is expected to enjoy working. Therefore, he shall do his newspaper reports on all holidays, and will often ask his teacher for longer assignments.

Snowdrop: "Honey, dis is sho de finest shoe polish dat Ah ever has seen."

Mandy: "Niggarr, has you gone cràzy? Dat's mah face cream."

Bove (on football trip): "Clerk, did you ever hear of the straw that broke the camel's back?"

Clerk: "Yes, sir."

Bove: "Well, you'll find it in that bed up in number 12."

E. Holland: "I'm going to New York to get my eyes tested."

Mr. Bump: "Fine, send me a program."

Mr. Walbridge: "Are you trying to show contempt for this class?"

Goddard: "No, I'm trying to conceal it."

"You never can tell," said an onlooker as he watched William shoot the apple off his son's head.

"My good man, why don't you take the trolley car home?"

"Sh, no use! M' wife wouldn't let me keep it in the house."

Half a yard of crepe de chine,
A button made of pearl,
Behold you have a wardrobe
For a full-grown modern girl.

Geo. Newton: "How much do you weigh?"

Mary H: "120."

Geo. Newton: "With or without your complexion?"

"Thug" Hinchey is greatly annoyed at being forced to throw away his gum so much. He says that what with the H. C. of L. and fastidious teachers, gum-chewing is rapidly becoming an art which only the rich can patronize.

Capt.: "If anything moves, shoot."

Bob Fairchild: "Yes, and if anything shoots, I move."

"Is Dorion a hard-working guy?"

"I guess so. Most any kind of work seems hard to him."

Mary Cox (rushing excitedly to the grand-stand): "What's the score?"

Levins: "Nothing to nothing."

M. C.: "Gee, some game."

Levins: "I don't know. It hasn't started yet."

E. Reed says that when he wears the soles off his shoes, he'll be on his feet again.

"I is——," the freshman commenced.

"I am," corrected the teacher.

"I am the ninth letter of the alphabet," finished the freshman.

Bove: "Well, I've passed chemistry at last."

Beale: "Honestly?"

Bove: "What difference does that make?"

Boyibus kissibus sweet girlorum;
 Girlibus likibus; wanti sumorum;
 Fatherus hearibus sweet kissorum,
 Kickibus boyibus out-of-the-doorum.

"We are lost," the captain stuttered, as he staggered down the stairs.
 "See the Lost and Found Committee," someone cried and dodged the chairs.

Ruth B.: "Kisses are the language of love."

Gord Smith: "Let's talk it over."

"Words fail me," muttered Frances Parker as she flunked the spelling exam.

Stet. Edmunds (at box office): "Two tickets, please."

Ticket Seller: "What date?"

S. E. (absently): "Edith."

The doctor was examining "Tito" Reardon's heart.

"Hm! you have some trouble with your Angina Pectoris."

"Yes," said "Tito" blushing. "But that isn't the name. It's Caroline."

E. Reed: "Will you love me if I give up all my bad habits?"

H. Kent: "But how can you expect me to love a perfect stranger?"

"As I passed by the ex-Kaiser's home, I heard him singing."

"Singing what?"

"Ain't gonna reign no mo."

The Eskimo sleeps in his little bear skin
 All covered up in its folds,
 But last night when I slept in my little bare skin
 I caught a hang of a cold.

Mrs. Harman: "How many kinds of flowers are there?"

Fran Howley: "Three: wild, tame and collie."

Colored Woman: "Give me a ticket for Florence."

Agent (after hunting five minutes): "Where is Florence?"

Colored Woman: "Sitting over there on that bench."

Teacher: "Gordon, I thought I told you to take the seat next to Pearl Shepard."

G. Smith: "Yes, ma'am, I did, but I sold it to Howard Goddard for a dollar."

She: "I wonder if you remember me? Years ago you asked me to marry you."

Absent-minded Prof.: "Ah yes! And did I?"

"You know they don't allow comic shows in England on Saturday nights now," said "Bell," "because they laugh in church on Sunday morning."

"That's nothing," replied Mrs. Statham. "They don't need comic shows to keep an Englishman happy in his old age. All they have to do is to tell him a joke in his youth."

Margaret Parker says she knows all about a car, but Tito wants to ask Margaret if she knows how to Park 'er.

"Got your English done?" said Bob Mac.

"Sure," said Newton, "English ain't hard."

"A man would be crazy to go to a place like that," said the guide, pointing to an insane asylum.

Mr. Abbott: "I noticed you were talking during my lecture this morning."

M. Beane: "I beg your pardon, sir. I do not recall it. I must have been talking in my sleep."

Once C. Dye wrote a story. Having sent it to a publisher, she became anxious to know if it had been accepted. So, thinking to make an impression on the editor, she requested a decision, stating she had other irons in the fire.

The following answer was received: "Dear Madam: I have read your story and am returning it. I advise you to put it with the other irons."

Doctor: "Yes, I advise you to gargle your throat with peroxide."

Mary Hagan: "But, Doctor, I'm a brunette; what would I do with blond tonsils?"

O'Bie: "Are you in charge of this class or I?"

Dito: "I know I'm not, sir."

O'Bie: "Then don't try to act like a conceited ass."

The native of Missouri, on his first trip east, saw on a dock a large whale. For a few minutes he looked at it, then walked away. "My Gosh," he said, "the fella that caught that fish was certainly an awful liar."

Bob MacG.: "Yes, I went down to Newark and saw the fight."

Dito R.: "What fight? The Wills-Firpo?"

Bob MacG.: "Yeah."

Dito R.: "That fight wasn't in Newark, it was in Jersey City."

Bob MacG.: "I know, but I only had a 50c. seat."

Father is glad he has finished working his son's way through college.

Reed: "You walked all the way here to school? How did you get along?"

Shedd: "Fine. That is, I did until I came to a sign saying, 'Slow down to 15 miles an hour.' That slowed me up quite a bit."

"What's the score?"

"92 to 0."

"Goodness! You are being beaten badly."

"Oh, I don't know; we haven't been to bat yet."

After having several drinks of "White Mule," two rustie youths were motoring homeward.

"Bill," said James, "I want cha to be careful. Firs' thing you know you'll have us in a ditch."

"Me?" said Bill surprised, "Why, I thought you was driving!"

Edmunds: "I got a pass for the new show opening here. Want it?"

Bove: "What's the name of the show?"

Edmunds: "'Fools,' they say it's good."

Bove: "Are you sure this pass will let me in?"

Edmunds: "Well, it says 'Admit One,' doesn't it?"

Mike Beane: "Ruth, would you be mad if I asked you to go steady?"

Ruth Bourquin: "No, but I'd be mad if I said yes."

Jane Olney: "I see in the paper that three persons were killed in a feud."

Bill Lawson: "Those little cheap cars are dangerous anyways."

Heavy Dye: "You had no right to kiss me like that."

Bedeke Bellerose: "All right, I'll try it another way."

Fran Howley: "How do you know that Ernie loves you?"

Helen Kent: "Because he never tells me he does."

The more than usual lack of intelligence among the Aeneid students had got on Miss Nugent's nerves.

"Class is dismissed," she said, exasperatedly. "Please don't flap your ears as you pass out."

Smith: "You're afraid to fight me, I guess."

Bove: "No, I'm not. But if I fight, my mother will find it out and punish me."

Smith: "How'll she find it out?"

Bove: "By seeing the doctor going into your house."

Mary had a little lamb,

You've heard this tale before,

But have you heard she passed her plate

And had a little more?

Mother: "I want you to keep away from Stetson Edmunds. He is the worst boy in class."

Lawson: "Yes, Mother, I do. He stays at the head of the class most of the time."

She had some bills and checks to deposit in the bank, so she procured a deposit slip which required the listing of "Currency," "Specie" and "Checks." She listed her currency and checks in their respective places but was somewhat in doubt as to what to write in the "Specie" blank.

After a moment's thought she wrote the word "Female," and turned in her deposit.

STATISTICS

Killed by gas 1923:
32 inhaled it.
140 lighted matches in it.
5,000 stepped on it.

Uncle Henry found himself in a restaurant where the bill of fare was printed in French. Uncle didn't want to appear green, so he pointed to two items and said, "Bring me them."

The waiter soon appeared with two orders of beans cooked in different ways.

Uncle Henry could never eat beans, so he said, "Bring me that," pointing to another line on the card.

"I am sorry I can't, sir," said the waiter; "the orchestra is playing that."

"Has your brother a pasturage yet?" asked the well-meaning but uneducated woman.

"My brother is a clergyman, not a cow," replied his collegebred sister.

GREAT PROGRESS

Fond mother (who is sure the visitor would like to hear her infant prodigy on the violin): "Johnny is so far advanced that now we can almost tell whether he is tuning or playing."

\$35 FOR UNUSUAL SUITS MADE FOR "YOU"

If the High School don't fall hard for these clothes
it's because they're either blind or broke.

FARRELL & CO.

15½ CENTER ST.



"THE BALLOON"

A Bostonian Product

\$7 \$8.50 \$9.50

About six months ahead of the
other fellows

The new wide bottom Corduroy Trousers are here \$5 \$7.50 \$8.50

WE HAVE THE NEW THINGS FIRST

CARBINE-COSTELLO CO.

Compliments of . . .

Brock House

76 South Main Street

The management of the Red and White gratefully acknowledge its indebtedness to the advertisers, for without their aid this paper could not be published.

Compliments
of
Dr. Yarrington

Howley & Co.
No. 1 Merchants Row

Fashion Park
Clothiers

Compliments
of
Dr. Jenney

Compliments
of
Dr. Norton

The University of Vermont

Instruction offered in

THE COLLEGE OF ARTS AND SCIENCES
THE COLLEGE OF MEDICINE
THE COLLEGE OF AGRICULTURE
THE COLLEGE OF ENGINEERING

Military drill is supervised by officers of the Regular Army. Efficient athletic instructors supervise physical development.

Expenses are moderate.

All courses are open to women.

For Catalogue Bulletins and Special Information, address

The Registrar

University of Vermont,

Burlington, Vermont

Compliments of

The Clement National Bank
of Rutland, Vermont

Interest paid on Savings Accounts for even
Calendar Months

YOUR ACCOUNT INVITED

HENRY G. SMITH, President.

MILES S. SAWYER, Vice-President.

CHARLES H. HARRISON, Cashier.
EDMUND P. SHAW, Asst. Cashier

DIRECTORS

P. W. CLEMENT

WILL L. DAVIS

O. J. MAIGNE

H. G. SMITH

GEO. T. JARVIS

C. H. HARRISON

M. S. SAWYER

WM. H. FIELD

REED'S

EVERYTHING ELECTRICAL

42 CENTER STREET

The Home of

KUPPENHEIMER CLOTHES

CRAWFORD SHOES and BERG HATS

You are invited to look over our new Department Store

NICHOLS & BARNEY

WHAT TO WEAR and WHEN

We publish "THE MAN OF TODAY" regularly every month. Yearly subscription may be had for the asking—no obligation.

RUTLAND
FAIR HAVEN
GLENS FALLS
GRANVILLE
WHITEHALL

WILSON
CLO. CO.
"SHOES—TOO"

Crystal Palace

Sodas □ Ice Cream □ Candies

FRANK BRUZZA, Proprietor

ANES & BRAVES

Candy Shop

9 MERCHANTS ROW

Where Quality and Service
IS UNSURPASSED

Home-Made Candies and Ice Cream
OUR SPECIALTY

WE AIM TO PLEASE
